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SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE.¹

Memoirs of his adventures at home and abroad, and particularly in the Island of Corsica; beginning with the year 1756; written by his son Prosper Paleologus, otherwise Constantine; and edited by Q.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST CHALLENGE.

The remedye agayns Ire is a vertu that men clepen Mansuetude, that is Debonairetee; and eek another vertu, that men callen Pacience or Suffrance. . . . This vertu disconfiteth thyn enemy. And therefore seith the wyse man, 'If thou wolt venquisse thyn enemy, lerne to suffre.'—CHAUCER, *Parson's Tale*.

'You have killed him.' I lowered Nat's head, stood up and accused her fiercely.

She confronted me, contemptuous yet pale. Even in my wrath I could see that her pallor had nothing to do with fear.

'Say that I have, what then?' She very deliberately unhitched the gun from her bandolier, and, after examining the lock, laid it on the turf midway between us. 'As my hostage you may claim vendetta; take your shot then, and afterwards Marc'antonio shall take his.'

'No, no, Englishman!' Marc'antonio ran between us while yet I stared at her without comprehending, and there was anguish in his cry. 'The Princess lies to you. It was I that fired the shot—I that killed your friend!'

The girl shrugged her shoulders indifferently. 'Ah, well then, Marc'antonio, since you will have it so, give me my gun again

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and hand yours to the cavalier. Do as I tell you, please,' she commanded, as the man turned to her with a dropping jaw.

'Princess, I implore you——'

'You are a coward, Marc'antonio.'

'Have it so,' he answered sullenly. 'It is God's truth, at all events, that I am afraid.'

'For me? But I have this.' She tapped the barrel of her gun as she took it from him. 'And afterwards—if that is in your mind—afterwards I shall still have Stephanu.'

She said it lightly, but it brought all the blood back to his brow and cheek with a rush. Not for many days did I learn the full meaning of the look he turned on her, but for dumb reproach I never saw the like of it on man's face.

Her foot tapped the ground. 'Give him the gun,' she commanded, and Marc'antonio thrust it into my hands. 'Now turn your back and walk to that first tree yonder, very slowly, pace by pace, as you hear me count.'

Her face was set like a flint, her tone relentless. Marc'antonio half raised his two fists, clenching them for a moment, but dropped them by his side, turned his back, and began to walk obediently towards the tree.

'One—two—three—four—five,' she counted, and paused. 'Englishman, this fellow has killed your friend, and you claim yourself worthy to be King of Corsica. Prove it.'

'Excuse me, Princess,' said I, 'but before that I have some other things to prove, of which some are easy and others may be hard and tedious.'

'Seven—eight—nine.' With no answer, but a curl of the lip, she resumed her counting.

'Marc'antonio!' I called—he had almost reached the tree—'Come here!'

He faced about, his eyes starting, his cheeks blanched. As he drew nearer I saw that his forehead shone with sweat.

'I have a word for you,' I said slowly. 'In the first place an Englishman does not shoot his game sitting; it is against the rules. Secondly, he is by no means necessarily a fool, but, if it came to shooting against two, he might have sense enough to get his first shot upon the one who held the musket—a point which your mistress overlooked perhaps.' I bowed to her gravely. 'And thirdly,' I went on, hardening my voice, 'I have to tell you, Ser Marc'antonio, that this friend of mine, whom you have killed,

was not trying to escape you, but running to seek help for the Princess.'

Marc'antonio checked an exclamation. He glanced at the girl, and she at him suspiciously, with a deepening frown.

'Help?' she echoed, turning the frown upon me, 'What help, sir, should I need?'

It was my turn now to shrug the shoulders. 'Nay,' I answered, 'I tell you but what he told me. He divined, or at least he was persuaded, that you stood in need of help.'

She threw a puzzled, questioning look at the poor corpse, but lifted her eyes to find mine fixed upon them, and shrank a little as I stepped close. Her two hands went behind her, swiftly. I may have made a motion to grip her by the wrists; I cannot tell. My next words surprised myself, and the tone of my voice speaking and the passion in it.

'You have killed my friend,' said I, 'who desired only your good. You have chosen to humiliate me, who willed you no harm. And now you say "it shall be vendetta." Very well, it shall be vendetta, but as I choose it. Keep your foolish weapons; I can do without them. Heap what insults you will upon me; I am a man and will bear them. But you are a woman, and therefore to be mastered. For my friend's sake I choose to hate you and to be patient. For my friend's sake, who discovered your need, I too will discover it and help it; and again, not as you will, but as I determine. For my friend's sake, mistress, and if I choose, I will even love you and you shall come to my hand. Bethink you now what pains you can put on me; but at the last you shall come and place your neck under my foot, humbly, not choosing to be loved or hated, only beseeching your master!'

I broke off, half in wonder at my own words and the flame in my blood, half in dismay to see her, who at first had fronted me bravely, wince and put up both hands to her face, yet not so as to cover a tide of shame flushing her from throat to brow.

'Give me leave to shoot him, Princess,' said Marc'antonio. But she shook her head. 'He has been talking with some one. . . . With Stephanu?' His gaze questioned me gloomily. 'No, I will do the dog justice; Stephanu would not talk.'

'Lead her away,' said I, 'and leave me now to mourn my friend.'

He touched her by the arm, at the same time promising me with a look that he would return for an explanation. The Princess

shivered, but, as he stood aside to let her pass, recollected herself and went before him up the path beneath the pines.

I stepped to where Nat lay and bent over him. I had never till now been alone with death, and it should have found me terribly alone. . . . I closed his eyes. . . . And this had been my friend, my schoolfellow, cleverer than I and infinitely more thoughtful, lacking no grace but good fortune, and lacking that only by strength of a spirit too gallant for its fate. In all our friendship it was I that had taken, he that had given; in the strange path we had entered and travelled thus far together, it was he that had supplied the courage, the loyalty, the blithe confidence that life held a prize to be won with noble weapons; he who had set his face towards the heights and pinned his faith to the stars; he, the victim of a senseless bullet; he, stretched here as he had fallen, all thoughts, all activities quenched, gone out into that night of which the darkness gathering in this forsaken glade was but a phantom, to be chased away by to-morrow's sun. To-morrow . . . to-morrow I should go on living and begin forgetting him. To-morrow? God forgive me for an ingrate, I had begun already. . . . Even as I bent over him, my uppermost thought had not been of my friend. I had made, in the moment almost of his death and across his body, my first acquaintance with passion. My blood tingled yet with the strange fire; my mind ran in a tumult of high resolves of which I understood neither the end nor the present meaning, but only that the world had on a sudden become my battlefield, that the fight was mine, and at all cost the victory must be mine. It was, if I may say it without blasphemy, as if my friend's blood had baptized me into his faith; and I saw life and death with new eyes.

Yet, for the moment, in finding passion I had also found self; and shame of this self dragged down my elation. I had sprung to my feet in wild rage against Nat's murder; I had spoken words—fierce, unpremeditated words—which, beginning in a boyish defiance, had ended on a note which, though my own lips uttered it, I heard as from a trumpet sounding close and yet calling afar. In a minute or so it had happened, and behold! I that, sitting beside Nat, should have been terribly alone, was not alone, for my new-found self sat between us, intruding on my sorrow.

I declare now with shame, as it abased me then, that for hours, while the darkness fell and the stars began their march over the tree-tops, the ghostly intruder kept watch with me as a bodily

presence mocking us both, benumbing my efforts to sorrow. . . . Nor did it fade until calm came to me, recalled by the murmur of unseen waters. Listening to them I let my thoughts travel up to the ridges and forth into that unconfined world of which Nat's spirit had been made free. . . . I went to the hut for a pail, groped my way to the stream, and fetched water to prepare his body for burial. When I returned the hateful presence had vanished. My eyes went up to a star—love's planet—poised over the dark boughs. Thither and beyond it Nat had travelled. Through those windows he would henceforth look back and down on me; never again through the eyes I had loved as a friend and lived to close. I could weep now, and I wept; not passionately, not selfishly, but in grief that seemed to rise about me like a tide and bear me and all fate of man together upon its deep, strong flood. . . .

At daybreak Marc'antonio and Stephanu came down the pass and found me digging the grave. I thought at first that they intended me some harm, for their faces were ill-humoured enough in all conscience; but they carried each a spade, and after growling a salutation, set down their guns and struck in to help me with my work.

We had been digging, maybe, for twenty minutes, and in silence, when my ear caught the sound of furious grunting from the sty, where I had penned the hogs overnight, a little before sundown. Nat had watched me as I numbered them, and it seemed now so long ago that I glanced up with a start almost guilty, as though in my grief I had neglected the poor brutes for days. In fact I had kept them in prison for a short hour beyond their usual time, and some one even now was liberating them.

It was the Princess, of whose presence I had not been aware. She stood by the gate of the pen, her head and shoulders in sunlight, while the hogs raced in shadow past her feet.

Marc'antonio glanced at her across his shoulder and growled angrily.

'Your pardon, Princess,' said I slowly, as she closed the gate after the last of the hogs and came forward. 'I have been remiss, but I need no help either for this or for any of my work.'

She halted a few paces from the grave. 'You would rather be alone?' she asked simply.

'I wish you to understand,' said I, 'that for the present I have no choice at all but your will.'

She frowned. 'I thought to lighten your work, cavalier.'

I was about to thank her ironically when the sound of a horn broke the silence about us, its notes falling through the clear morning air from the heights across the valley. The Corsicans dropped their spades.

'Ajo, listen! listen!' cried Marc'antonio excitedly. 'That will be the Prince—listen again! Yes, and they are answering from the mountain. It can be no other than the Prince, returning this way!'

While we stood listening, with our faces upturned to the granite crags, I caught the Princess regarding me doubtfully. Her gaze passed on as if to interrogate Marc'antonio and Stephanu, who, however, paid no heed, being preoccupied.

Again the horn sounded; not clear as before, although close at hand, for the thick woods muffled it. For another three minutes we waited—the Princess silent, standing a little apart, with thoughtful brow, the two men conversing in rapid guttural undertones; then far up the track beneath the boughs a musket-barrel glinted, and another and another, glint following glint, as a file of men came swinging down between the pines, disappeared for a moment, and rounding a thicket of the undergrowth emerged upon the level clearing. In dress and bearing they were not to be distinguished from Marc'antonio, Stephanu, or any of the bandits on the mountain. Each man carried a musket and each wore the jacket and breeches of sad-coloured velvet, the small cap and leathern leggings which I afterwards learnt to be the uniform of patriotic Corsica. But as they deployed upon the glade—some forty men in all—and halted at sight of us, my eyes fell upon a priest, who in order of marching had been midmost, or nearly midmost, of the file, and upon a young man beside him, toward whom the Princess sprang with a light step and a cry of salutation.

'The blessing of God be upon you, O brother!'

'And upon you, O sister!' He took her kiss and returned it, yet (as I thought) with less fervour. Across her shoulder his gaze fell on me, with a kind of peevish wonder, and he drew back a little as if in the act to question her. But she was beforehand with him for the moment.

'And how hast thou fared, O Camillo?' she asked, leaning back, with a hand upon his either shoulder, to look into his eyes.

He disengaged himself sullenly, avoiding her gaze. There could be no doubt that the two faces thus confronting one another belonged to brother and sister, yet of the two his was the more

effeminate, and its very beauty (he was an excessively handsome lad, albeit diminutively built) seemed to oppose itself to hers and caricature it, being so like yet so infinitely less noble.

'We have fared ill,' he answered, turning his head aside, and added with sudden petulance, 'God's curse upon Pasquale Paoli, and all his house!'

'He would not receive you?'

'On the contrary, he made us welcome and listened to all we had to say. When I had done, Father Domenico took up the tale.'

'But surely, brother, when you had given him the proofs—when he heard all—'

'The mischief, sister,' he interrupted, stabbing at the ground with his heel and stealing a sidelong glance at the priest, 'the mischief was, he had already heard too much.'

She drew back, white in the face. She, too, flung a look at the priest, but a more honest one, although in flinging it she shrank away from him. The priest, a sensual, loose-lipped man, whose mere aspect invited one to kick him, smiled sideways and downwards with a deprecating air, and spread out his hands as who should say that here was no place for a domestic discussion.

I could make no guess at what the youth had meant; but the girl's face told me that the stroke was cruel, and (as often happens with the weak) his own cruelty worked him into a passion.

'But who is this man with you?' he demanded, the blood rushing to his face. 'And how came you alone with him, and Stephanu, and Marc'antonio? You don't tell me that the others have deserted!'

'No one has deserted, brother. You will find them all upon the mountain.'

'And the recruits? Is this a recruit?'

'There are no recruits.'

'No recruits? By God, sister, this is too bad! Has this cursed rumour spread, then, all over the countryside that honest men avoid us like a plague—us, the Colonne!' He checked his tongue as she drew herself up and turned from him, before the staring soldiery, with drawn mouth and stony eyes; but stepped a pace after her on a fresh tack of rage.

'But you have not answered me. Who is this man, I repeat? And eh?—but what in God's name have we here?' He halted, staring at the half-dug grave and Nat's body laid beside it.

Marc'antonio stepped forward. 'These are two prisoners, O Prince, of whom, as you see, we are burying one.'

'Prisoners? But whence?'

'From England, as they tell us, O Prince.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF PRINCE CAMILLO.

Tyranny is the wish to have in one way what can only be had in another.—*Blaise Pascal.*

THE young man eyed me insolently for a moment and turned again to his sister.

'Camilla! will you have the goodness to explain?' he demanded.

But here, while she hesitated, searching her brother's face proudly yet pitifully, as though unable quite to believe in the continued brutality of his tone, I struck in.

'Pardon me, Signore,' said I, 'but an explanation from me may be shorter.'

'Eh? so you are English, and speak Corsican?'

'Or such Tuscan,' answered I modestly, 'as may pass for a poor attempt at it. Yes, I am English and have come hither—as the Princess, your sister, will tell you—on a political errand which you may or may not consider important.'

The Princess, who had turned and stood facing her brother again, threw me a quick look. 'I know nothing of that,' she said hurriedly, 'save that he came with five others in a ship from England and encamped at Paomia below; that, being taken prisoners, they professed to be seeking the Queen Emilia, to deliver her; and that thereupon of the six I let four go, keeping this one as hostage, with his friend, who has since died.'

'And the crown,' put in Stephanu. 'The Princess has forgotten to mention the crown.'

'What crown?'

'The crown, sir,' said I boldly, seeing the Princess hesitate, 'of the late King Theodore of Corsica, given by him into my keeping.'

I saw the priest start as if flicked with a whip, and shoot me a

glance of curiosity from under his loose upper lids. His pupil stepped up and thrust his face close to mine.

'Eh? So you were seeking *me*?' he demanded.

'You are mistaken, sir,' said I, 'whatever your reason for such a guess. My companions—one of them my father, an Englishman and by name Sir John Constantine—are seeking the Queen Emilia, whom they understand to be held prisoner by the Genoese. Meanwhile your sister detains me as hostage, and the crown in pawn.'

I had kept an eye on the priest as I pronounced my father's name: and again (or I was mistaken) the pendulous lids flickered slightly.

'You do not answer my main question,' the young man persisted. 'What are you doing, here in Corsica, with the crown of King Theodore?'

'I am the less likely to answer that question, sir, since you can have no right to ask it?'

"No right to ask it?" he echoed, stepping back with a slow laugh. 'No right to ask it—I! King Theodore's son!'

I shrugged my shoulders. I had a mind to laugh back at his impudence, and indeed nothing but the mercy of Heaven restrained me and so saved my life. As it was, I heard an ominous growl and glanced around to find the whole company of bandits regarding me with lively disfavour, whereas up to this point I had seemed to detect in their eyes some hints of leniency, even of good will. By their looks they had disapproved of their master's abuseful words to his sister, albeit with some reserve which I set down to their training. But even more evidently they believed to a man in this claim of his.

My gesture, slight as it was, gave his anger its opportunity. He drew back a pace, his handsome mouth curving into a snarl.

'You doubt my word, Englishman?'

'I have no evidence, sir, for doubting King Theodore's,' I answered as carelessly as I could, hoping the while that none of them heard the beating of my heart, loud in my own ears as the throb-throb of a pump. 'If you be indeed King Theodore's son, then your father—'

'Say on, sir.'

'—Why, then, your father, sir, practised some economy in telling me the truth. But my father and I will be content with the Queen Emilia's simple word.'

As I began this answer I saw the Princess turn away, dropping her hands. At its conclusion she turned again, but yet irresolutely.

'We will find something less than the Queen Emilia's word to content you, my friend,' her brother promised, eyeing me and breathing hard. 'Where is the crown, Stephanu?'

'In safe keeping, O Prince. I beg leave to say, too, that it was I who found it in the Englishmen's camp and brought it to the Princess.'

'You shall have your reward, my good Stephanu. You shall put the bearer, too, into safe keeping. Stand back, take your gun, and shoot me this dog, here beside his grave.'

The Princess stepped forward. 'Stephanu,' she said quietly, 'you will put down that gun.'

Her brother rounded on her with a curse. For the moment she did not heed, but kept her eyes on Stephanu, who had stepped back with musket half-lifted and finger already moving toward the trigger-guard.

'Stephanu,' she repeated, 'on my faith as a Corsican, if you raise that gun an inch—even a little inch—higher, I never speak to you again.' Then lifting a hand she swung round upon her brother, whose rage (I thank Heaven) for the moment choked him. 'Is it meet, think you O brother, for a King of Corsica to kill his hostage?'

'Is it meet, O sister,' he snarled, 'for you, of all women, to champion a man—and a foreigner—before my soldiers? Shoot him, Stephanu!'

Her head went up proudly. 'Stephanu will not shoot. And you, my brother, that are so careful—I sometimes think, so over-careful—of my honour, for once bethink you that your own deserves attention. This Englishman placed himself in my hands freely as a hostage. From the first, since you force me to say it, I had no liking for him. Afterwards, when I knew his errand, I hated him for your sake: I hated him so that in my rage I strained all duty toward a hostage that I might insult him. Marc'antonio will bear me witness.'

'The Princess is speaking the truth before God,' said Marc'antonio gravely. 'She made the man a keeper of swine yonder.' He waved a hand toward the sty. 'And he is, as I understand, a cavalier in his own country.'

'I did more than that,' the Princess went on. 'Having strained the compact, I tempted him to break it—to shoot me or to shoot

Marc'antonio, so that one or other of us might be free to kill him.'

She paused, again with her eyes on Marc'antonio, who nodded. 'And that also is the truth,' he said. 'She put a gun into his hands, that he might kill me for having killed his friend. I did not understand at the time.'

'A pretty coward!' The young man flung this taunt out at me viciously; but I had enough to do to hold myself steady, there by the grave's edge, and did not heed him.

'I do not think he is a coward,' said she. (O, but those words were sweet! and for the first time I blessed her.) 'But coward or no coward, he is our hostage and you must not kill him.'

He turned to the priest, who all this while had stood with head on one side, eyes aslant, and the air and attitude of a stranger who having stumbled on a family squabble politely awaits its termination. (This, I may say, was the attitude I half-unconsciously tried to copy, but with the difference that I kept my eyes on the blue sky above the tree-tops.)

'Father Domenico, is my sister right? And may I not kill this man?'

'She is right,' answered the reverend father with something like a sigh. 'You cannot kill him consistently with honour, though I admit the provocation to be great. The Princess appears to have committed herself to something like a pledge.' He paused here, and with his tongue moistened his loose lips. 'Moreover,' he continued, 'to kill him, on our present information, would be inadvisable. I know—at least I have heard—something of this Sir John Constantine whom the young man asserts to be his father; and, by what has reached me, he is capable of much.'

'Do you mean,' asked the Prince, bridling angrily, 'that I am to fear him?'

'Not at all,' the priest answered quickly, still with his eyes aslant. 'But, from what I have heard, he was fortunate, long ago, to earn the esteem of the good lady your mother, and'—he paused and felt for his snuff-box—'it would appear that the trick runs in the family.'

'By God, then, if I may not kill him, I may at least improve on my sister's treatment,' swore the young man. 'Made him her swine-keeper, did she? I will promote him a step. Here, you! Take and truss him by the heels!—and fetch me a chain, one of you, from the forage-shed. . . .'

In the short time it took him to devise my punishment the Prince displayed a devilishly ingenious turn of mind. Within ten minutes under his careful directions they had me down flat on my back in the filth of the sty, with my neck securely chained to a post of the palisade, my legs outstretched, and either ankle strapped to a peg. My hands they left free, to supply me (as the Prince explained) with food and drink: that is to say, to reach for the loaf and the pannikin of water which Marc'antonio, under orders, fetched from the hut and laid beside me. Marc'antonio's punishment (for bearing witness to the truth) was to be my gaoler and sty-keeper in my room. He was promised, moreover, the job of hanging me as soon as my comrades returned.

In this pleasant posture they left me, whether under surveillance or not I could not tell, being unable to turn my head and scarce able even to move it an inch either way.

So I lay and stared up at the sky, until the blazing sun outstared me. I will dwell on none of my torments but this, which toward midday became intolerable. Certainly I had either died or gone mad under it, but that my hands were free to shield me; and these I turned in the blistering glare as a cook turns a steak on the gridiron. Now and again I dabbled them in the pannikin beside me, very carefully, ekeing out the short supply of water.

I had neither resisted nor protested. I hugged this thought and meant, if die I must, to die hugging it. I had challenged the girl, promising her to be patient. To be sure protest or resistance would have been idle. But I had kept my word. I don't doubt that from time to time a moan escaped me. . . . I could not believe that Marc'antonio was near me, watching. I heard no sound at all, no distant voice or bugle-call from the camp on the mountain. The woods were silent . . . silent as Nat, yonder, in his grave. Surely none but a fiend could sit and watch me without a word. . . .

Toward evening I broke off a crust of bread and ate it. The water I husbanded. I might need it worse by and by, if Marc'antonio delayed to come.

But what if no one should come?

I had been dozing—or maybe was wandering in slight delirium—when this question wrote itself across my dreams in letters of fire, so bright that it cleared and lit up my brain in a flash, chasing away all other terrors. . . .

Mercifully, it was soon answered. Far up the glade a horn

sounded—my swine-horn, blown no doubt by Marc'antonio. The hogs were coming. . . . Well, I must use my hands to keep them at their distance.

I listened with all my ears. Yes, I caught the sound of their grunting; it came nearer and nearer, and—was that a footstep, close at hand, behind the palisade?

Something dropped at my side—dropped in the mire with a soft thud. I stretched out my hand, felt for it, clutched it.

It was a file.

My heart gave a leap. I had found a friend, then!—but in whom? Was it Marc'antonio? No: for I heard his voice now, fifty yards away, marshalling and cursing the hogs. His footstep was near the gate. As he opened it and the hogs rushed in, I slipped the file beneath me, under my shoulder blades.

The first of the hogs, as he ran by me, put a hoof into my pannikin and upset it; and while I struck out at him, to fend him aside, another brute gobbled up my last morsel of crust. The clatter of the pannikin brought Marc'antonio to my side. For a while he stood there looking down on me in the dusk; then walked off through the sty to the hut and returned with two hurdles which he rested over me, one against another, tentwise, driving their stakes an inch or two into the soil. Slight as the fence was, it would protect me from the hogs; and I thanked him. He growled ungraciously, and, picking up the pannikin, slouched off upon a second errand. Again when he brought it replenished, and a fresh loaf of bread with it, I thanked him, and again his only answer was a growl.

I heard him latch the gate and walk away toward the hut. Night was falling on the valley. Through my roof of hurdles a star or two shone down palely. Now was my time. I slipped a hand beneath me and recovered my file—my blessed file.

The chain about my neck was not very stout. I had felt its links with my fingers a good score of times in efforts, some deliberate others frantic, to loosen it even by a little. Loosen it I could not: the Prince had done his work too cleverly: but by my calculation an hour would suffice me to file it through.

But an hour passed, and two hours, and still I lay staring up at the stars, listening to the hogs as they rubbed flanks and chose and fought for their lairs: still I lay staring, with teeth clenched and the file idle in my hand.

I had challenged, and I had sworn. 'Bethink you now what

pains you can put upon me. . . ' These tortures were not of her devising ; but I would hold her to them. I was her hostage, and, though it killed me, I would hold her to the last inch of her bond. As a Catholic, she must believe in hell. I would carry my wrong even to hell then, and meet her there with it and master her.

I was mad. After hours of such a crucifixion a man must needs be mad. . . . ' Prosper, lad, your ideas are nought and your ambitions earth : but you have a streak of damned obstinacy which makes me not altogether hopeless of you ! ' These had been Nat's words, a month ago ; and Nat lay in his grave yonder. . . The cramp in my legs, the fiery pain ringing my neck, met and ran over me in waves of total anguish. At the point where my will failed me to hold out, the power failed me (I thank Heaven) to lift a hand. Yet the will struggled feebly ; struggled on to the verge over which all sensation dropped plumb, as into a pit.

I unclosed my eyes upon the grey dawn ; but upon what dawn I knew not, whether of earth or purgatory or hell itself. They saw it swimming in a vague light : but my ears, from a sound as of rushing waters, awoke to a silence on which a small footfall broke, a few yards away. Marc'antonio must have unpenned the hogs ; for the sty was empty. And the hogs in their rush must have thrown down the hurdles protecting me ; for these lay collapsed, the one at my side, the other across me.

The light footfall drew close and halted. I looked up into the face of the Princess.

She came, picking her way across the mire ; and with caution, as if she feared to be overheard. Clearly she had expected to find the sty empty, for even to my dazed senses her dismay was evident as she caught sight of me beneath the hurdle.

' You have not gone ! Oh, why have you not gone ? '

She was on her knees beside me in the filth. I heard her calling to Marc'antonio, and presently Marc'antonio came, obedient as ever, yet protesting.

' He has not gone ! ' She moved her hands with a wringing gesture.

I tried to speak, but for answer could only spread my hand, which still grasped the file : and for days after it kept a blue weal bitten across the palm.

I heard Marc'antonio's voice protesting as she took the file and sawed with it frantically across my neck-chain.

'But he must escape and hide, at least.'

'He cannot, Princess. The torture has worn him out.'

'It were better he died, then. For I must go.'

'It were better he died, Princess: but his youth is tough. And that you must go is above all things necessary. The Prince would kill me. . . .'

'A little while, Marc'antonio! The file is working.'

'To what end, Princess?—since time is wanting. The bugle will call—it may call now at any moment. And if the Prince should miss you—— Indeed it were better that he died——'

Their voices swam on my ear through giddy whirls of mist. I heard him persuade her to go—at the last insist upon her going. Still the file worked.

Suddenly it ceased working. It seemed to me that they both had withdrawn, and my neck still remained in bondage, though my legs were free. I knew that my legs were free though I had not the power to test this by drawing them up. I tried once, and closed my eyes, swooning with pain.

Upon the swoon broke a shattering blow, across my legs and below the knees; a blow that lifted my body to clutch with both hands upon night and fall back in agony upon black unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW MARC'ANTONIO NURSED ME AND GAVE ME COUNSEL.

Yet sometimes famous Princes like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

His honour forbidding him to kill me, the Prince Camillo had given orders to break my legs: and since to abandon me in this plight went against the conscience of his followers (and even, it is possible, against his own), he had left Marc'antonio behind to nurse me—thus gratifying a second spite. The Prince was an ingenious young man.

So much I gathered in faint intervals between anguish while

Marc'antonio bound me with rude splints of his own manufacture. Yet he said little and did his surgery, though not ungently, with a taciturn frown which I set down to moroseness, having learnt somehow that the bandits had broken up their camp on the mountain and marched off, leaving us two alone.

'Did the Princess know of this?' I managed to ask, and I believe this was my first intelligible question.

Marc'antonio paused before answering. 'She knew that you were to be hurt, but not the manner of it. It was she that brought you the file, by stealth. Why did you not use it, and escape?'

'She brought me the file?' I knew it already, but found a fierce satisfaction in the words. 'And she—and you—tried to use it upon my chain here and deliver me: I forced you to that, my friends! As for using it myself, you heard what I promised her, yesterday, before her brother came.'

'I heard you talk very foolishly; and now you have done worse than foolishly. I do not understand you at all—no, by the Mother of God, I do not! You had the whole night for filing at your chain: and it would have been better for you, and in the end for her.'

'And for you also, Marc'antonio,' I added.

He was silent.

'And for you also, Marc'antonio?' I repeated it as a question.

'Your escape would have been put down to me, Englishman. I had provided for that,' he answered simply.

'Forgive me,' I muttered, thrown back upon sudden contrition. 'I was thinking only that you must feel it a punishment to be left alone with me. I had forgot—'

'It is hard,' he interrupted, 'to bear everything in mind when one is young.' His tone was quiet, decisive, as of one stating a fact of common knowledge: but the reproof cut me like a knife.

'The Princess has gone too?' I asked.

'She has gone. They are all gone. That is why it would have been better for her too that you had escaped.'

I pondered this for a minute. 'You mean,' said I, 'that—always supposing the Prince had not killed you in his rage—you would now be at her side?'

He nodded.

'Still, she has Stephanu. Stephanu will do his best,' I suggested.

'Against what, eh?' He put this poser to me, turning with

angry eyes, but ended on a short laugh of contempt. 'Do not try make-believe with me, O Englishman.'

'There is one thing I know,' said I doggedly, 'that the Princess is in trouble or danger. And a second thing I know, that you and Stephanu are her champions. But a third thing, which I do not know, is why you and Stephanu hate one another.'

'And yet that should have been the easiest guess of the three,' said he, rising abruptly and taking first a dozen paces toward the hut, then a dozen back to the shadow of the chestnut tree against the bole of which my head rested as he had laid me, having borne me thither from the sty.

'*Campioni*? That is a good word and I thank you for it, Englishman. Yet you wonder why I hate Stephanu? Listen. Were you ever in Florence, in the Boboli gardens?'

'Never. But why?'

'Mbè! I have travelled, for my part.' Maro'antonio now and always mentioned his travels with an innocent boastfulness. 'Well, in the gardens there you will find a fountain, and on either side of it a statue—the statues of two old kings. They sit there, those two, carved in stone, face to face across the fountain; and with faces so full of hate that I declare it gives you a shiver down the spine—all the worse, if you will understand, because their eyes have no sight in them. Now the story goes that these two kings in life were friends of a princess of Tuscany far younger than themselves, and championed her, and established her house while she was weak and her enemies were strong; and that afterwards in gratitude she caused these statues to be set up beside the fountain. Another story (to me it sounds like a child's tale) says that at first there was no fountain, and that the princess knew nothing of the hatred between these old men; but the sculptor knew. Having left the order with him she married a husband of her own age and lived for years at a foreign court. At length she returned to Florence and led her husband one day out through the garden to show him the statues, when for the first time she saw what the sculptor had done and knew for the first time that these dead men had hated one another for her sake; whereupon she let fall one tear which became the source of the fountain. To me all this part of the story is foolishness: but that I and Stephanu hate one another not otherwise than those two old kings, and for no very different cause, is God's truth, cavalier.'

'You are devoted to her, you two?' I asked, tempting him to continue.

He gazed down on me for a moment with immeasurable contempt. 'I give you a figure, and you would put it into words! Words!' He spat. 'And yet it is the truth, Englishman, that once she called me her second father. "Her second father"—I have repeated that to Stephanu once or twice when I have lost my temper (a rare thing with me). You should see him turn blue!'

I could get no more out of Marc'antonio that day, nor indeed did the pain I suffered allow me to continue the catechism. A little before night fell he lifted me again and carried me to a bed of clean-smelling heather and fern he had prepared within the hut; and, all the night through, the slightest moan from me found him alert to give me drink or shift me to an easier posture. Our total solitude seemed from the first to breed a certain good-fellowship between us: neither next day nor for many days did he remit or falter in his care for me. But his manner, though not ungentle, was taciturn. He seemed to carry about a weight on his mind; his brow wore a constant frown, vexed and unhappy. Once or twice I caught him talking to himself.

'To be sure it was enough to madden all the saints: and the Prince is not one of them. . . .'

'What was enough to madden all the saints, O Marc'antonio?' I asked from my bed.

Already he had turned in some confusion, surprised by the sound of his own voice. He was down on hands and knees, and had been blowing upon the embers of a wood fire, kindled under a pan of goat's milk. The goat herself browsed in the sunlight beyond the doorway, in the circuit allowed by a twenty-foot tether.

'What was enough to madden all the saints, O Marc'antonio?'

'Why,' said he savagely, 'your standing up to him and denying his birth and his sister's before all the crowd. I did not think that anything could have saved you.'

'If I remember, I added that the Queen Emilia's bare word would be enough for me.'

'So. But you denied it on his father's, and that is what his enemies, the Paolists all, would give their ears to hear—yes, and Pasquale Paoli himself, though he passes for a just man.'

'Marc'antonio,' said I seriously, 'are the Prince and Princess in truth the children of King Theodore?'

'As God hears me, cavalier, they are his twin children, born

in the convent of Santa Maria di Fosciandora, in the valley of the Serchio, some leagues to the north of Florence ; and on the feast-day of Saint Mark these sixteen years ago.'

'Then King Theodore either knew nothing of it, or he was a liar.'

'He was a liar, cavalier.'

'Stay a moment. I have a mind to tell you the whole story as it came to me, and as I should have told it to the Prince Camillo, had he treated me with decent courtesy.'

Marc'antonio ceased blowing the fire and sitting back on his heels disposed himself to listen. Very briefly I told him of my journey to London, my visit to the Fleet, and how I received the crown with Theodore's blessing. 'That he denied having children I will not say : but (I remember well) my father took it for granted that he had no children, and he said nothing to the contrary. Indeed on any other assumption his gift of the crown to me would have been meaningless.'

Marc'antonio nodded, following my argument.

'But there is another difficulty,' I went on. 'My father, who does not lie, told me once that King Theodore returned to the island in the year 'thirty-nine, where he stayed but for a week ; and that not until a year later did his queen escape across to Tuscany.'

But here Marc'antonio shook his head vigorously. 'Whoever told your father that, told him an untruth. The Queen fled from Porto Vecchio in that same winter of 'thirty-nine, a few days before Christmas. I myself steered the boat that carried her.'

'To be sure,' said I, 'my father may have been told this also by King Theodore.'

'The good sisters of the convent,' continued Marc'antonio, 'received the Queen and did all that was necessary for her. But among them must have been one who loved the Genoese or their gold : for when the children were but ten days old they vanished, having been stolen and handed secretly to the Genoese—yes, cavalier, out of the Queen's own sleeping-chamber. Little doubt had we they were dead—for why should their enemies spare them ? And never should we have recovered trace of them but for the Father Domenico, who knew what had become of them (having learnt it, no doubt, among the sisters' confessions, to receive which he visited the convent) and that they were alive and unharmed : but for his oath's sake he kept the secret, or else waiting for the time to ripen.'

'Then King Theodore may also have believed them dead,'

I suggested. 'Let us do him that justice. Or he may never have known that they existed.'

Marc'antonio brushed this aside with a wave of his hand. 'The cavalier,' he answered with dignity, 'may have heard me allude to my travels?'

'Once or twice.'

'The first time that I crossed the Alps'—great Hannibal might have envied the roll in Marc'antonio's voice—'I bore the King tidings of his good fortune. It was Stephanu who followed, a week later, with the tale that the children were stolen.'

'Then Theodore *did* believe them dead.'

'At the time, cavalier; at the time, no doubt. But more than twelve years later, being in Brussels——' Here Marc'antonio pulled himself up, with a sudden dark flush and a look of confusion.

'Go on, my friend. You were saying that twelve years later, happening to be in Brussels——'

'By the merest chance, cavalier. Before retiring to England King Theodore spent the most of his exile in Flanders and the Low Countries: and in Brussels, as it happened, I had word of him and learned—but without making myself known to him—that he was seeking his two children.'

'Seeking them in Brussels?'

'At a venture no doubt, cavalier. Put the case that you were seeking two children, of whom you knew only that they were alive and somewhere in Europe—like two fleas, as you might say, in a bundle of straw——'

I looked at Marc'antonio and saw that he was lying, but politely forbore to tell him so.

'Then Theodore knew that his children were alive?' said I musing. 'Yet he gave my father to understand that he had no children.'

'Mbè, but he was a great liar, that Theodore! Always when it profited, and sometimes for the pleasure of it.'

'Nevertheless, to disinherit his own son!'

Marc'antonio's shoulders went up to his ears. 'He knew well enough what comedy he was playing. Disinherit his own son? We Corsicans, he might be sure, would never permit that: and meanwhile your father's money bought him out of prison. Ajo, it is simple as milking the she-goat yonder!'

'If you knew my father better, Marc'antonio, you would find it not altogether so simple as you suppose. King Theodore might

have told my father that these children lived, and my father would yet have bought his freedom for their sake ; yes, and helped him to the last shilling and the last drop of blood to restore them to Corsica and to the Queen their mother.'

'Verily, cavalier, I knew your father to be a madman,' said Marc'antonio gravely after considering my words for a while. 'But such madness as you speak of, who could take into account ?'

'Eh, Marc'antonio ? What acquaintance have you with my father, that you should call him mad ?'

'I remember him well, cavalier, and his long sojourning with my late master the Count Ugo at his palace of Casalabrive above the Taravo, and the love there was between him and my young mistress that is now the Queen Emilia. Lovers they were for all eyes to see but the old Count's. Mbè ! we all gossiped of it, we servants and clansmen of the Colonne—even I, that kept the goats over Bicchivano, on the road leading up to the palace, and watched them as they walked together, and was of an age to think of these things. A handsomer couple none could wish to see, and we watched them with good will ; for the Englishman touched her hand with a kind of worship as a devout man touches his beads, and they told me that in his own country he owned great estates—greater even than the Count's. Indeed, cavalier, had your father thought less of love and more of ambition there is no saying but he might have reached out for the crown, and his love would have come to him afterwards. But, as the saying goes, while Peter stalked the mufro Paul stole the mountain : and again says the proverb, "Bury not your treasure in another's orchard." Along came this Theodore and with a few lies took the crown and the jewel with it. So your father went, and has come again after many years ; and at the first I did not recognise him, for time has dealt heavily with us all. But afterwards, and before he spoke his name, I knew him—partly by his great stature, partly by his carriage, and partly, cavalier, by the likeness your youth bears to his as I remember it. So you have the tale.'

'And in the telling, Marc'antonio,' said I, 'it appears that you, who champion his children, bear Theodore's memory no good will.'

'Theodore !' Marc'antonio spat again. 'If he were alive here and before me, I would shoot him where he stood.'

'For what cause ?' I asked, surprised by the shake in his voice.

But Marc'antonio turned to the fire again, and would not answer.

As I remember, some three or four days passed before I contrived to draw him into further talk; and, curiously enough, after trying him a dozen times *per ambages* (as old Mr. Grylls would have said) and in vain, on the point of despair I succeeded with a few straight words.

'Marc'antonio,' said I, 'I have a notion about King Theodore.'

'I am listening, cavalier.'

'—A suspicion only, and horribly to his discredit.'

'It is the likelier to be near the truth.'

'Could he—think you—have sold his children to the Genoese?'

Marc'antonio cast a quick glance at me. 'I have thought of that,' he said quietly. 'He was capable of it.'

'It would explain why they were allowed to live. A father, however deep his treachery, would make that a part of the bargain.'

Marc'antonio nodded.

'I would give something,' I went on, 'to know how Father Domenico came by the secret. By confession of one of the sisters, you suggest. Well, it may be so. But there might be another way—only take warning that I do not like this Father Domenico—'

'I am listening.'

'Is it not possible that he himself contrived the kidnapping—always with King Theodore's consent?'

'Not possible,' decided Marc'antonio after a moment's thought. 'No more than you do I like the man: but consider. It was he who sent us to find and bring them back to Corsica. At this moment, when (as I will confess to you) all odds are against it, he holds to their cause; he, a comfortable priest and a loose liver, has taken to the bush and fares hardly for his zeal.'

'My good friend,' said I, 'you reason as though a traitor must needs work always in a straight line and never quarrel with his paymaster: whereas by the very nature of treachery these are two of the unlikeliest things in the world. Now, putting this aside, tell me if you think your Prince Camillo the better for Father Domenico's company? . . . You do not, I see.'

'I will not say that,' answered Marc'antonio slowly. 'The Prince has good qualities. He will make a Corsican in time. But, I own to you, he has been ill brought up, and before ever he met with Father Domenico. As yet he thinks only of his own will,

like a spoilt child ; and of his pleasures, which are not those of a king such as he desires to be.'

Said I at a guess, '—But the pleasures—eh, Marc'antonio?—such as a forward boy learns on the pavements ; of Brussels for example ?'

I thought for the moment he would have knifed me, so fiercely he started back and then craned forward at me, showing his white teeth. I saw that my luck with him hung on this moment.

'Tell me,' I said, facing him and dragging hard on the hurry in my voice, 'and remember that I owe no love to this cub. You may be loyal to him as you will, but I am the Princess's man, I ! You heard me promise her. Tell me, why has she no recruits ?'

He drew back yet farther, still with his teeth bared. 'Am I not her man ?' he almost hissed.

'So you tell me,' I answered with a scornful laugh, brazening it out. 'You are her man, and Stephanu is her man, and the Prince too, and the Father Domenico no doubt. Yes, you are all her men, you four : but why can she collect no others ?' I paused a moment and, holding up a hand, checked them off contemptuously upon my fingers. 'Four of you ! and among you at least one traitor ! Stop !' said I, as he made a motion to protest. 'You four—you and Stephanu and the Prince and Fra Domenico—know something which it concerns her fame to keep hidden ; you four, and no other that I wot of. You are all her men, her champions : and yet this secret leaks out and poisons all minds against the cause. Because of it, Paoli will have no dealing with you. Because of it, though you raise your standard on the mountains, no Corsicans flock to it. Pah !' I went on, my scorn confounding him, 'I called you her champion, the other day ! Be so good as consider that I spoke derisively. Four pretty champions she has, indeed ; of whom one is a traitor, and the other three have not the spirit to track him down and kill him !'

Marc'antonio stood close by me now. To my amazement he was shaking like a man with the ague.

'Cavalier, you do not understand,' he protested hoarsely : but his eyes were wistful, as though he hoped for something which yet he dared not hear.

'Eh ? I do not understand ? Well, now, listen to me. I am her man, too, but in a different fashion. You heard what I swore to her, that day, beside my friend's body ; that whether in hate or love, and be her need what it might, I would help her. Hear me

repeat it, lying here with my both legs broken, helpless as a log. Let strength return to me and I will help her yet, and in spite of all her champions.'

'In hate or in love, cavalier?' Marc'antonio's voice shook with his whole body.

'That shall be my secret,' answered I. (Yet well I knew what the answer was, and had known it since the moment she had bent over me in the sty, filing at my chain.) 'It had better be hate—eh, Marc'antonio?—seeing that for some reason she hates all men, except you perhaps, and Stephanu, and her brother.'

'We do not count, I and Stephanu. Her brother she adores. But the rest of men she hates, cavalier, and with good cause.'

'Then it had better be hate?'

'Yes, yes'—and there was appeal in his voice—'it had a thousand times better be hate, could such a miracle happen.' He peered into my eyes for a moment, and shook his head. 'But it is not hate, cavalier; you do not deceive me. And since it is not—'

'Well?'

'It were better for you—far better—that Giusè had died of the wound you gave him.'

'Why, what on earth has Giusè to do with this matter?' I demanded. Indeed I had all but forgotten Giusè's existence.

'Only this; that had Giusè died, they would have killed you out of hand in *vendetta*.'

'You are an amiable race, you Corsicans!'

'And you came, cavalier, meaning to reign over us! . . . Now I have taken a liking to you and will give you a warning. Be like your father, and give up all for love.'

'Suppose,' said I after a pause, 'that for love I choose rather to dare all?'

'Signore'—he stepped back and, raising himself erect, flung out both hands passionately—'Take her, if you must take her, away from Corsica! She is innocent, but here they will never understand. What she did she did for her brother, far from home, yet he . . . he has no thanks, no bowels of pity, and here at home it is killing her! There was a young man, a noble, head of the family of Rocca Serra by Sartene——' Marc'antonio broke off, trembling.

'You must finish,' said I, in a voice cold and slow as the chilled blood about my heart.

'There was no harm in her. By her brother's will they were

betrothed. She hated the youth, and he—he was eager—until the day before the marriage——’

‘What happened, Marc’antonio?’

‘He slew himself, cavalier. Some story reached him, and he slew himself with his own gun. O cavalier, if you can help us, take her away from Corsica!’

He cast up both hands and ran from me.

(To be continued.)

MR. GLADSTONE AS I KNEW HIM.¹

At the annual meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Paris, in 1898, a distinguished speaker said: 'Mr. Gladstone might have sat here at his choice among our philosophers, our historians, our jurists, or our moralists. He summed up in his person all the moral sciences; better still, he carried out the doctrines he professed.'

To this it may be added that he was a scholar, theologian, administrator, and financier of the highest order, and as an orator he was able at will to excite the enthusiasm, rouse the sympathies, call forth the love and the hatred, both alike passionate, of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Gladstone once said to Sir Edward Hamilton: 'I have made mistakes enough in my political career, God knows, but I can honestly assert that I have never said or done anything in politics in which I did not sincerely believe;' he might however have added, it is the struggle and not the victory that constitutes the glory of noble hearts.

It is of none of these qualities that I am going to write; neither am I going to dwell on his genealogical, his theological controversies, his Homeric studies; all of these subjects have been dealt with in that splendid and wonderful book of Mr. John Morley's, which is now within reach of all of us. But if the reader will bear with me for a short time I should like to have a little talk of Mr. Gladstone as I knew him, and, alas! there are few now living who knew him as long as I did.

There will be some readers of this paper who are hostile in their political opinions, but time has probably softened, if it has not entirely obliterated, the acerbities of what is now past history; and if I am obliged to allude to politics, I hope that I shall not be tempted to say one word that can offend the susceptibilities of the most susceptible. In talking of Mr. Gladstone, how can I avoid any reference to politics? for his name runs like a golden thread through all the beneficent legislation of the latter part of the last century. You might as well talk of Nelson and avoid

¹ The subject of an Address given at an Institution in Kensington.

any reference to Trafalgar, or of Wellington and not allude to Waterloo.

Mr. Gladstone was a politician from his birth, for when he was only three years old he was, as he recollected, put on his father's table to lisp out a few words on the occasion of Mr. Canning's return for Liverpool in 1812. Fifty years afterwards he told the House of Commons, in the greatest of his many great speeches, how he had been bred up under the shadow of the great name of Canning, and that every influence of that name governed the first political impressions of his childhood and his youth. Of his subsequent career at Eton and Oxford I will not speak, except to give one specimen of the industry and perseverance which followed him through life. The late Dean Stanley, his contemporary at Oxford, once said :

There were two men at the University in my time who could not do a common rule-of-three sum (there were no Board Schools in those days)—Gladstone and myself. Since that time I have acquired sufficient knowledge of sums to enable me to do the accounts of the abbey of which I am dean ; but Gladstone at once saw that he could not attain the highest honours of the University unless he mastered mathematics, and immediately set to work, with the result that in addition to gaining a first class in Classics, he obtained a first class in Mathematics, and lived to become the greatest exponent of figures that ever adorned the House of Commons.

In 1832 he entered Parliament as member for Newark, then a close borough belonging to the Duke of Newcastle. He soon entered official life in a subordinate office, but in 1841, in Sir Robert Peel's great Government, he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and there he learnt the blessings likely to accrue to the country by the abolition of the Corn Laws ; and I will tell how at that early date his mind was drawn to the consideration of this great subject. At the Board of Trade some Chinese despatches came before him, in which the Prime Minister of that country said that the ships of foreign devils should not be admitted into their ports ; ' but,' he added, ' some of these ships were laden with corn, and it would be madness to exclude from their ports what would cheapen the food of the people.' This Oriental wisdom led him to the study of this great problem, and he became, as he remained to the last day of his life, a staunch Free Trader.

He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Government in December 1852, and it is curious to notice how many events in his life took place in that month. In December 1834 he entered Peel's Government. In December 1852 he

became Chancellor of the Exchequer, in December 1868 Prime Minister.

When Chancellor of the Exchequer he followed the policy of his great master, Sir Robert Peel, the policy of economy and reduction of taxation on the necessities of life, a policy which is now being attacked. As Sydney Smith said, alluding to the vexatious interference of the Customs on all articles of daily use :

The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road ; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Mr. Gladstone reduced the number of articles taxed at the Customs from 1,163 to 48.

In 1868 I became his private secretary, and from that day till the day of his death he honoured me with his confidence and his friendship. Like a skilled artizan enamoured of his tools, Mr. Gladstone was apt to view, perhaps with an exaggerated indulgence, those like myself, who, fascinated by the personality of the man, gave all they had to give to his service. A biographer has said :

His manners towards his intellectual inferiors is almost ludicrously humble. He consults, defers, inquires, argues his point, where he would be justified in laying down the law, and eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings.

The chief joy of old age consists in retrospection, and I can see him now as on that morning when I began my work. The little details stand out in photographic clearness before me. I see him seated at his table in Carlton House Terrace, the black frock coat with a flower in his button-hole, brown trousers with a stripe down the side as was the fashion at that time ; a somewhat disordered neck-cloth, and the big collars which afforded such cause for merriment in contemporaneous caricature. An upward and almost annoyed look at the interruption gave way to a kind smile, as Mrs. Gladstone introduced me to him. He plunged into business at once, and gave me a huge box of correspondence connected with the formation of his Government, and I immediately understood what Sir Robert Peel, I think, once said, that the hardest task that could fall on a Minister was the business of forming a Government. That box contained the undue pretensions of many, the self-effacement of few, the modesty of

some, and the ambitions of all. Where are those ambitions now ?

Mr. Gladstone explained to me his views of the relations that should exist between a Minister and his secretary—unbounded confidence, such as that which in a well-ordered household should exist between a husband and a wife, and then work began—work that had a beginning but never had an end. In a few days he showed me his scheme for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and on March 1 he introduced it to the House of Commons, which met in those days at 4.15 P.M. ; at 3.45 I found him reading Shakespeare. I asked him how long his speech would be. He thought three hours—it was really three hours and ten minutes.

Never since Parliament was Parliament was such a sight seen. The floor was covered with chairs, and every available spot in the galleries was crowded to hear the great orator lay his scheme before the House, for, whatever his views were, whether right or wrong, there never existed a doubt as to what they were ; he always took his countrymen into his confidence, and did not conceal them in philosophical pamphlets, or on a half-sheet of note paper.

During those three hours of strained attention only one member had the courage to interrupt him. I shall never forget the interruption or the answer. 'Had I wished,' he said, 'absolutely to confuse the subject I had in hand, I should have adopted the course suggested by the hon. member.'

Let me give an instance of his marvellous memory. We were discussing in 1881 the conversion of the malt tax into a beer duty, which he called the greatest financial operation in his life, not even excepting the reimposition of the income tax. I had told him that the estimated profit of the maltster was 3 per cent. on each quarter of malt. I am now putting imaginary figures. The following day he said, 'I understand that the maltster's profit is 4 per cent.' 'No, sir,' I said, '3 per cent.' 'I certainly thought it was four ;' and then turning to Mr. Young, a famous Inland Revenue official, he said, 'Can you recollect as far back as 1832 ? Was not the profit then supposed to be 4 per cent. ?' 'It was then,' he replied. 'Ah,' Mr. Gladstone said, 'I see how 4 per cent. has got into my mind. I recollect studying the question when I became member for Newark in 1832, and it was that figure then'—a gap of nearly fifty years !

It has been said that Mr. Gladstone had not a keen sense of humour, and yet in Parliamentary badinage he was never surpassed.

I have seen him as delighted as a child over simple stories, and particularly at American wit. Once someone was rash enough to repeat in his presence a questionable tale of a political opponent. 'Do you call that amusing?' he said; 'I call it devilish.'

In his later years two men of singularly unprepossessing presence sat opposite to him, and he put to his colleagues on the bench beside him as to which was the ugliest. They gave their opinion. 'No,' said he, 'you do not approach the question from the proper point. If you were to magnify your man, he would, on a colossal scale, become dignified and even imposing; but my man, the more you magnified him the meaner he would become.'

Mr. Gladstone was often accused of being intolerant of those who differed from him, and of brushing aside with an energy approaching to rudeness objections made to his own ideas. There may have been some semblance of truth in this accusation when his mind was once definitely made up, but I have never known a man, while a matter was being discussed, so patient and so modest in sifting matters to the bottom until he thought the truth was reached. He believed in his own thoughts, and, as Emerson said, 'To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, that is genius.' Then he had a splendid boldness in brushing difficulties aside, following Lord Bacon's aphorism—that a statesman should doubt to the last and then act as if he had never doubted. In the hour of action he was like a great commander, who, having made his dispositions with care, engages his enemy, whom he means to annihilate, scornful of timid counsels and hesitating advisers.

My own belief is that Mr. Gladstone was an optimist, and early realised the fact that

Life has nobler uses than regrets,

and that there was no time in the short space allotted to us to waste in idle retrospections and useless self-reproaches. 'With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said to-day.'

His aim and his work were before and not behind him.

He saw his duty a straight sure thing,
And went for it there and then.

He was one of those, as Browning said,

Who never turned his back but went straightforward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
 Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

Mr. Lowe once cleverly said: 'Gladstone possesses no ideas—his ideas possess him.'

His genius was to raise everything to a higher level. He was infatuated with a devouring passion for liberty throughout the world, from the time when in opening the dungeon doors to the Neapolitan prisoners, he struck the keynote of Italian independence, to the time when he raised his powerful voice in behalf of the oppressed Armenians.

When the great Napoleon was waiting anxiously for some despatches at Turin, his aide-de-camp said, 'You are impatient, sire.' 'Yes,' Napoleon replied. 'I have lost many battles but I have never lost any moments.' So with Mr. Gladstone. His whole scheme of life was laid out so as never to waste a minute of it. There was never in his busy day an idle dawdle by the fire; sauntering, as Lord Rosebery once said, was an impossibility to him, mentally or physically. I never knew him smoke but once—on the occasion of the Prince of Wales dining with him in Downing Street. With an old-fashioned courtliness, wishing to place his royal guest at his ease, he smoked a cigarette, which gave him more pain than pleasure; indeed, he hated the smell of tobacco, and once accused me of bringing the odious aroma of the 'cursed weed' into his room. Meanly anxious to excuse myself, for I never smoked before going into his presence, I said I had been sitting for half an hour with Sir William Harcourt, who was an *acharné* smoker. Such was Mr. Gladstone's innocence that he said, 'Does Harcourt smoke? I am sure if he does he always must change his clothes before he comes to me, for I have never perceived that he smokes.'

A walk with him, as I have often experienced, meant four miles an hour, sharp, and I remember his regretting the day when he could only go up the Duke of York's steps at two steps at a time. When about to travel he would carefully pack his own despatch-box so that a book he was reading was ever ready to his hand. Perhaps this may be thought too trivial. In 'The Small House at Allington,' Anthony Trollope's heroine says:

'I wonder if the Prime Minister ever orders his boots to be

mended.' I may, however, quote the French philosopher Joubert : 'To occupy ourselves with little things as with great, to be as fit and ready for the one as the other, is not weakness or littleness, but power and sufficiency.'

Nothing demonstrated Mr. Gladstone's modesty more than the invariable kindness with which he would judge sermons, so unlike the flippant and easy criticisms of us smaller folk. He always attended church twice every Sunday, and would always laugh good-humouredly at me for being what he called a 'once-er.'

Mr. Gladstone told me that once after long nights in the House he used to be tempted to stay too long in bed in the mornings, so he made a rule which he never broke to get up the moment he was called. He was naturally a good sleeper, always reading a light book to distract his mind from the contests in the House ; but once he said, after a long debate, he could not help thinking of it. 'If I did that often,' he added, 'I should go mad.'

What a Government his Government of 1868 was ! The Irish grievance of a dominant Protestant Church in a Roman Catholic country was taken away. Free and national education first established. Purchase in the Army abolished. Ballot passed into law. Arbitration between all countries established ; and after paying off £26,000,000 of National Debt he left a surplus of £5,000,000 to his successor.

To form the truest idea of Mr. Gladstone's life it was necessary to see him at home. 'There are some people who appear to the best advantage on the distant heights ; some who keep others at a distance in the misty glamour of great station and great affairs,' but Mr. Gladstone shone brightest in the close communion of his home. His life at Hawarden was simple and old-fashioned. On my last visit there I was greeted with more than usual affection, for he said he had been sorting old letters, and I was the only one of his secretaries who had used tape not indiarubber rings, which soon rotted, to tie up the bundles. Every morning did he and Mrs. Gladstone, through wet and dry, heat and cold, walk to his parish church for prayer at eight o'clock ; a simple breakfast on his return ; a quarter of an hour's talk, and then he would retire to his private room, which he was fond of calling his 'Temple of Peace,' where he would be engrossed in his correspondence till luncheon time, after which came generally a rapid walk through a beautiful park, unless he, with his great knowledge of forestry and his skill in woodcutting, was engaged in felling a tree. He has

often told me that he would always have been able to earn full wages as a woodcutter. He knew the age, the circumference, and the height, I believe, of every important tree on the estate. Then a cup of tea and reading until dinner, which was a real time for relaxation and infinite talk; but what always delighted me most was to hear him speak of old days and men that had passed away from the scene in which he was still the principal actor. He would talk of that wonderful knot of men, his contemporaries of earlier times, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Cardwell, Sir James Graham, and even of the famous Head Master at Eton, Dr. Keate.

In 1892 Mr. Gladstone, in his eighty-third year, was for the fourth time called by the irresistible voice of the people to be Prime Minister, and I, having after forty years' service retired from the post of Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, was able to devote myself entirely to his service.

It was a tragedy from the beginning; as we walked across the Park to the old familiar door of Downing Street he said, 'This is unnatural to me at my time of life,' and indeed it was; but there was no way out of it, and he fearlessly undertook his task. How he performed it we all know. But the end was not far off.

Lord Rosebery, in his 'Life' of Pitt, tells us of a discussion which took place as to the quality most required in a statesman. One said, eloquence; one, knowledge; one, toil; but Pitt said, patience. Surely Mr. Gladstone possessed all four!

Mr. Bright once told me that he sat next to a lady at dinner who violently abused Mr. Gladstone. 'May I ask, madam, if you have any sons? If so, show Mr. Gladstone to them; if possible, get him to shake hands with them, and they will some day bless you for having known the greatest, the purest, and the noblest statesman that ever lived.'

Shortly after his retirement from public life he underwent an operation by Dr. Nettleship for cataract. All was going well when by some imprudence on his part he rubbed his eye and the success of the operation was imperilled. When he realised it his first words were, 'I am so sorry for Nettleship.'

Some time before the end Mr. Gladstone was aware of his failing powers, and said: 'My great wish now is to be out of all the strife. At my age I ought to be one of those whose faces are set towards Zion, and who go up thither; for this is only a probationary school—only a probationary school.' And so, after

much suffering, the end came. I saw him calm and patient—the great earthly reward of his pure and noble life.

There may be some of my readers who recollect seeing the coffin in Westminster Hall, with endless streams of people passing in contemplation all the earthly remains of him they had loved so well and so long. As Macaulay said of Warren Hastings :

Only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried ; in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall.

lies Mr. Gladstone ; and is it odd that I sometimes say aloud to myself—‘ When comes such another ? ’

ALGERNON WEST.

ABOUT SOLUTIONS.

WHAT happens when one dissolves a lump of sugar in a cup of cold water? Why does mere contact with water cause sugar and many solids, which require a good deal of heat to melt them, to run so easily into the liquid form? Do the water and sugar combine chemically, or is the change a physical change, like the melting of a solid when it is heated? And if the latter explanation be the true one, whence comes the energy required to overcome the attractive forces which hold together the molecules of solid sugar?

These questions, so interesting in themselves, have puzzled physicists and chemists for a long while. When we can answer them clearly and fully so as to include in our explanation the dissolving of metals one in another, the separation, again, on cooling, of metals or combinations of metals from the solutions thus formed, and the processes by which the igneous rocks were formed in due order from the 'rock-magmas' out of which they came in distant ages, we shall have created at least two new sciences—a new metallurgy and a new mineralogy.

It is nearly always profitable to study old and familiar subjects from a fresh point of view. Dalton gave a new lease of life to the atomic theory when he showed us how it could be used to explain the laws of chemical combination. Pasteur, the chemist, not only established the vitalistic theory of fermentation, but, through the influence of his work on other minds, paved the way for revolutions in medicine and surgery by his studies, at Lille, of the ancient and respectable art of brewing; and whilst the new chemistry owes an almost incalculable debt to modern physics, the organic chemists have placed data at the disposal of the physicists which make it possible to-day to attack the difficult problem of determining the shapes of atoms. And so it has been in regard to the phenomena of solution. As long as these were considered chiefly by chemists, from the chemical point of view and with the aid of hypotheses which assumed the existence of attractions—now of physical attractions, and then again of chemical attractions—between the solvent and the solute, as the dissolved substance is termed, comparatively slow progress was made, though many

interesting facts were discovered. But since the establishment of the kinetic theory of matter and the advance of chemistry have suggested new points of view, our knowledge has grown by leaps and bounds and other important branches of science have become involved until the theory of solutions, though still a matter for debate, has almost become a separate department of science.

As I have already said, it has long been a matter of debate whether the phenomena of solution fall into the domain of chemistry, or whether they belong to physics. If we try to understand what happened twenty centuries ago when Cleopatra dissolved a pearl in a cup of vinegar, and, again, what happens every time we dissolve a lump of sugar in a glass of water, two explanations at once suggest themselves. First, we may suppose that the sugar and the water combine, as oxygen and hydrogen combine when they form water, or as *caloric* was supposed, by Dr. Black, to combine with ice when the latter is melted. Secondly, we may suppose that particles, perhaps single molecules, of the sugar jump away from its surface and thus escape and mingle with the particles of the surrounding water, much as the molecules of one liquid are supposed to mix with those of another in the process known as liquid diffusion. And it is easy to defend one hypothesis or the other by selecting suitably the cases on which we base our argument. Thus when sugar is dissolved in water there is but little evidence that they combine, or that any other chemical change occurs, and moreover the sugar may be recovered unchanged from the solution by merely allowing it to evaporate. To apply the chemical hypothesis to this case would appear somewhat gratuitous. On the other hand, the pearl dissolved in Cleopatra's fabled draught was destroyed for ever, converted, as any chemist would show you, into a white crystalline solid, called acetate of calcium, which is as readily soluble in water as a pearl is in vinegar, and which differs from a pearl in a dozen ways. Here it is manifest that a chemical explanation is involved; but the case is too complicated, we must not pursue it, but rest content for the moment to have gained a glimpse of two sides of this knotty question.

One of the pillars of the chemical theory of solution is to be found in the fact that many soluble substances combine readily with water, forming an important class of compounds known to chemists as 'hydrates.'¹ If, for example, you dissolve some

¹ Hence it has come about that the chemical theory of solution is often labelled the 'hydrate theory.'

dry copper sulphate, which is a nearly white solid, and some dry soda-ash in water, and evaporate the solutions to recover the two salts, you will obtain from the first not the original white solid but magnificent blue crystals, identical with the 'blue-stone' which may often be seen in the windows of the pharmacist; and from the second, handsome colourless crystals, not of soda-ash, but of the more familiar 'washing-soda.' If you weigh the two substances before you dissolve them, and collect and weigh all the crystals obtainable from their solutions, you will find in each case that these crystals not only differ from the original substances in many of their properties, but also largely exceed them in quantity; for from two pounds of the colourless copper salt you may obtain about three pounds of blue-stone, and from one pound of soda-ash almost three pounds of soda-crystals. Finally, if you distil the crystals you will get from each a great deal of water, and, by the exercise of proper skill, recover the salts you started with undiminished in quantity. It is quite clear, therefore, that copper sulphate and soda-ash form definite compounds with water. With these facts before us, what could be more reasonable than to suppose that copper sulphate and soda-ash combine with the water in which they dissolve? And if so, does it not seem likely that other salts also may form similar combinations when we dissolve them, even though we may have failed to isolate these compounds up to this moment? Now we have only to make this simple assumption, so easy to accept, and to extend it a little by supposing that in solutions we have to deal, not with solid hydrates like washing-soda and blue-stone, but with liquid compounds of a similar order, and we have the hydrate theory of aqueous solutions. Extend the idea a little by supposing, further, that other liquids act similarly with the solids they dissolve, and we have a theory of solution covering, if not the whole of our field, at least a very large part of it.

There was a time, not so very long past, when it almost seemed that the hydrate theory of aqueous solutions was securely founded. But there were always certain difficulties in the way of its final adoption. Thus, hot water, as a rule, is a better solvent than cold, but heat, on the other hand, decomposes hydrates readily. These two facts seem to clash. For how can heat, which drives water from salts, also promote the combination of salts with water? And then, again, as has often been pointed out, the fact that crystals of a hydrate, like washing-soda, come out of a solution affords no clear

proof that this compound ever existed in the solution. It is quite possible that the salt and the water may enter into combination at the moment when the crystals form, for phenomena of that kind are very familiar to chemists. Thus it is difficult to accept the hydrate theory unreservedly, in spite of the fact that its supporters have successfully applied it to the discovery of new compounds.

Nor can we, on the other hand, discard the hydrate theory altogether, and say that in no case is dissolving accompanied by chemical change. For even if it be admitted that in the simpler cases dissolving may be a purely physical phenomenon, yet there are many cases in which it seems clear that the more obvious physical changes are accompanied by hidden chemical metamorphoses. It would be difficult, for example, to explain the chemical and electrical properties of a solution in water of the oxide of sulphur called sulphuric oxide upon the assumption that it consists of molecules of oxide of sulphur wandering uncombined among molecules of water. If, however, we start by assuming that the oxide reacts with some of the water, the properties of the solution at once become consistent with current electrical theory; whilst there are other solutions whose qualities distinctly suggest that in them at least we may really deal with hydrates like those formed by copper sulphate and soda-ash.

In order to prepare a true chemical compound—say water—one must combine its constituents in certain fixed proportions, namely, eight parts of oxygen with one part of hydrogen—no more and no less. If when we bring together these gases we take an excess of hydrogen or an excess of oxygen, the excess will remain unaltered when the combination is complete. Moreover, the proportions in which the gases combine are independent of the temperature at which they act. Now one of the first things the chemist discovers when he dissolves a solid in water is this: That the proportions in which the solid and the liquid will form a solution may be varied almost indefinitely. When, for example, he dissolves sugar or salt in water he can obtain a great variety of solutions of different degrees of concentration, which vary correspondingly in their properties, up to a certain limit at which the solution is said to be saturated, since it can then be made no stronger, and he finds further that this limit is not a fixture, but depends upon the temperature at which the solution is made. He can dissolve more sugar in hot water than in cold; and if he cools a hot saturated

solution, crystals will be deposited and a weaker but still saturated solution will remain. Thus in this respect solutions of solids in water differ distinctly from the substances known as chemical compounds. Now this seems fatal to the chemical theory of solution till we remember that when nitric acid reacts with quicksilver somewhat similar complications occur, although the action in this case is unmistakably a chemical action. With such contradictory facts as these before us it is clear that for the present we can neither accept nor reject the hydration theory.

Let us now turn our attention to the rival hypothesis, and, to begin, let us try to picture what happens when a quantity of sugar is thrown into water, making the assumption that no combination occurs between the solvent and the solute.

According to the kinetic theory of matter, a liquid such as water, alcohol, or ether consists of a number of molecules so closely packed that they exert a certain amount of attraction on each other and as a whole hold together, but which, nevertheless, are so far free that they can readily slide over each other, each molecule being at liberty to wander among the rest, though it cannot move very quickly away from any given position, because, like a man in a crowd, it is constantly impeded by its neighbours. Now imagine that a layer of one of these liquids rests in a shallow dish, and that at a given moment a few hundreds or thousands of the molecules at the free surface of the liquid are moving, as would happen continually, away from the liquid and towards the air above it. Then, in spite of the surface tension of the liquid, which tends to retard the progress of these molecules, some of them will escape from the liquid and pass into the less closely packed air; and though, owing to subsequent collisions with air molecules, some of the escaping molecules would afterwards return to the liquid, many would not return, and these would constitute what is called the vapour of the liquid. Here we have a picture of the process by which every volatile liquid slowly or quickly 'dries up' or evaporates when freely exposed to the air. If the liquid be exposed in a limited volume of air, or placed inside a small vacuous chamber, evaporation still occurs, but to a much more limited extent, as the following passage will show. If you make a rough mercurial barometer by filling a glass tube a little more than forty inches in length with quicksilver and inverting it in a basin filled with the same liquid, and then introduce a few drops of a volatile liquid into the open end of the tube, so that they may rise

and form a layer in the vacuous space above the quicksilver, you will find that the mercury falls to a greater or less extent, according to the liquid you employ and the temperature at which you make the experiment. If water is used, and if the temperature be 20° C., the mercury will fall about 17 mm., whilst at 100° C. the water vapour will drive the quicksilver down the tube until it stands no higher inside the barometer than in the basin. The quantity of water used in no way influences the result of the experiment, provided that sufficient be present to keep the surface of the mercury wet. If ether is used instead of water, then at 20° C. the mercury will not fall 17 mm. but about 430 mm., and the mercury will be driven to the bottom of the tube at a proportionately low temperature. Thus we see that evaporation produces pressure, that this pressure can be measured, and that its amount depends on the nature of the liquid and on its temperature.

Now I think it will be evident to every reader that upon the theory of evaporation as stated above we can account for this pressure in the following way. Directly the liquid rises above the quicksilver in the barometer molecules escape from its surface and fly off into the space above it. Thus very soon this space contains vast numbers of molecules, which move like the molecules of a gas in every direction with great velocities, in straight lines, and dash against one another, against the sides and the end of the tube, and against the surface of the liquid, not in successive volleys like bullets in volley firing, but in what would seem, if we could see or feel them, never-ending, never-slackening universal streams. Every impact of a flying molecule on the glass and on the quicksilver produces pressure, the amount of this pressure depending partly on the mass of the molecule and partly on the velocity with which it moves. And it is the collective pressure of the molecules falling at any moment upon the movable column of quicksilver which we detect and measure by noting the extent to which the quicksilver is driven down the tube in the experiment just described. Since the space at the top of a barometer is very limited, it is easy to see that under the conditions of our experiment molecules which have escaped from the liquid must soon begin to return to it, that the more numerous the free molecules become the more rapidly they will return, and that a point must soon be reached at which molecules escape from and return to the liquid at equal rates. When such a state of equilibrium is reached, the pressure due to the bombarding molecules becomes steady so that we can measure

it. We can increase this pressure by warming the liquid, for by so doing we impart additional energy to the molecules. This makes them move more quickly than before, and causes them again to escape from the liquid more rapidly than they return. But this new state of affairs does not last long; soon the rates of escape and return again come into equilibrium. Then the pressure once more becomes constant, and remains so as long as the temperature of the liquid neither rises nor falls.

Now let us return to solids and solutions. Many solid substances, *e.g.* camphor, are volatile like water, and many others not so obviously volatile as this exhibit properties which suggest that they also are liable to lose weight by the escape of molecules from their surfaces. Thus ice and snow gradually disappear even in the coldest weather, and have, in fact, a minute but measurable vapour pressure; many solids are odorous and, therefore, must give off particles of matter, and, as Sir Roberts Austin showed us a few years ago, if a piece of gold is kept in close contact with a piece of lead for a few years particles of the gold pass into the lead, and may afterwards be extracted from it. It is clear, therefore, that many solids possess a property analogous to that by which we account for the vapour pressure of liquids, and that we may carry over to the case of a solid immersed in a liquid the notions we have gained by thinking of the properties of liquids. If we do this, if we picture to ourselves a lump of sugar immersed in a cup of water and assume that molecules can escape from the surface of sugar as they do from the surface of a drop of water, we see at once that the sugar may be regarded as the analogue of the water and the water as the analogue of the air, or of the vacuum space in the experiment on vapour pressure described above. Now suppose that molecules of sugar escape continuously from the surface of the sugar, just as molecules escape from a mass of ice when it evaporates during a frost, then it is clear that these escaping sugar molecules will pass into the water and mingle with it. The first swarm of sugar molecules will be followed without any interval by a second, the second by a third, and so again and again and again without cessation, so that the number of molecules of sugar in each cubic inch of the solution will increase every moment. Before long some of these wandering molecules of sugar, in the course of their travels among the water molecules, will come again into contact with the sugar and be retained. At first, as in the evaporating of a liquid, the escaping molecules will be many and

the returning molecules few. But, as every addition to the number of sugar molecules in a given volume of the solution involves an increased rate of return, while the rate at which they depart is constant,¹ sooner or later this give-and-take process must reach a stage at which the departing and returning molecules balance one another. Then the solution will grow no stronger, and we shall have a 'saturated solution.'

If we raise the temperature of the sugar when this stage is reached, we shall cause the sugar molecules to move more quickly and fly off into the water more rapidly than before, and the concentration of the solution will again increase. But this, in the end, hastens the rate at which the molecules return also, and thus a new state of equilibrium corresponding to the higher temperature is quickly reached, and we again have a saturated solution, which can only be made stronger by raising the temperature to a still higher level. On the other hand, if we cool the syrup we reverse the whole process and remove sugar from the solution. This is just what we do when we prepare sugar crystals by cooling a hot concentrated syrup.

Here, then, we have a picture of the mechanics of solution which accounts for the phenomena without assuming the existence of attractions of any kind between the particles of the solvent and those of the solute. This theory, or model, is, in fact, a purely physical theory and it rests on the kinetic theory of matter. It does not, it is true, cover the whole of the ground; there are cases of dissolving in which it is difficult to deny that chemical action occurs, and our theory does not explain why some solids are soluble and some insoluble, or why water is the most general solvent for salts, and alcohol and allied liquids more useful in the case of compounds of carbon. Nevertheless it helps us forward. It is a good beginning.

If you accept the above conception of solutions and regard them as homogeneous mixtures in which the molecules of each constituent retain their individuality and move freely among one another, and if, further, for a moment, you disregard the solvent and think only of the molecules of the solute, you will perceive that in very dilute solutions, where the molecules of water are many and the molecules of the solute few, the conditions of the latter exhibit a remarkable analogy to those of the molecules of a gas, as described in a recent article in the CORNHILL on the

¹ Or would be if the area of its surface did not diminish.

kinetic theory of matter. For in a dilute solution, as in a gas, the molecules present in a given volume are comparatively few in number, for the most part widely separated, and hence out of the range of their mutual attractions and only liable to encounter one another as they move about in the liquid at comparatively long intervals. This suggests that a close scrutiny might reveal analogies between those properties of dilute solutions which are due solely to the solute and the properties of a true gas. Now such analogies do exist. They were first pointed out by Professor van 't Hoff, whose conclusions were founded on the results of some studies of 'osmosis' made by Pfeffer, the physiologist, about thirty years ago.

If one attaches a small parchment bag to one end of a narrow glass tube, fills the apparatus with alcohol, or with a solution of sugar in water, so as to make an instrument very like a thermometer with a parchment bulb, and then immerses the parchment bag in a vessel of pure water, one soon sees the liquid rise in the glass tube like the quicksilver in a thermometer when it is heated. This is due to the fact that water can pass through the parchment and enter the bulb more quickly than sugar or alcohol can escape from it. Now the passage of liquids through parchment, bladder, and other similar tissues, which is called 'osmosis,' has been studied and re-studied repeatedly on account of its importance in physiology ever since it was discovered by the Abbé Nollet in 1748; but owing to the circumstance that parchment and bladder are not wholly impermeable to solids like sugar, the importance of the phenomenon in physics was overlooked till a few years ago, when membranes were prepared which were strong enough to bear very considerable pressures, and truly impermeable to these latter substances though freely permeable to water.

When these 'semi-permeable' membranes became available, effects like those described above were made the subject of exact study; and presently it was discovered by van 't Hoff, from measurements made by Pfeffer, that the pressures called 'osmotic pressures,' which are produced inside vessels formed from these membranes when they are filled with solutions of various solids and immersed in pure water, depend on the nature of the substances in solution, and may be used for determining the concentrations of the solutions. And, further, that just as we can deduce the relative weights of the molecules of gases from measurements of the relative densities of these gases

made at known temperatures and *pressures*, so we can deduce the molecular weights of many substances in dilute solutions, if we measure the concentrations of these solutions, their temperatures, and their *osmotic pressures*. Or, to put the matter in another way, that in many cases the quantities of substances which exert equal osmotic pressures correspond to their relative molecular weights. Measurements of osmotic pressure have not, it is true, supplanted the earlier methods of weighing molecules; but the above facts and the circumstance that osmotic pressures vary with changes of temperature in a manner which corresponds with the behaviour of gases forces us to ask ourselves the question, May we not transfer to the molecules in dilute solutions what we know about the molecules of gases? If so, must we not suppose that the former, like the latter, are free and without attraction for one another? Must we not, that is to say, regard a dilute solution as a mere homogeneous mixture of its constituents comparable with such a mixture as atmospheric air? How are we to reconcile such an hypothesis as this with the facts of a different order which may be brought to the support of the hydration theory?

We must now turn to another side of our subject. As long ago as the year 1857 Clausius, the founder of the kinetic theory, suggested an explanation of electrolysis which assumed first that every electrolyte consists of two parts, identical, in the case of salts, with the metallic and acid radicles whose exchanges can be traced in chemical reactions. Secondly, that when a salt—say common salt or sodium chloride—is dissolved in water, the atoms of chlorine and the atoms of sodium which make up the molecules of the salt do not remain permanently coupled, but change partners from time to time, and occasionally even lose their partners as the result of encounters between the molecules, and thereafter wander alone in the solution until they collide with atoms of the opposite kind, when they may again combine and reconstitute molecules of sodium chloride. And, thirdly, that when a compound is decomposed under the influence of an electric current, the free atoms, or ‘ions,’ alluded to above, form the vehicle by which electricity is carried between the electrodes. On this view of the nature of electrolytes an aqueous solution of sodium chloride would contain, at any moment, not only many molecules of the original salt, but also a certain number of free ions. These latter would go to the two electrodes in the process of electrolysis, and fresh supplies would constantly be produced by

the continuous dissociation of further portions of the salt, until the whole had been resolved into its constituents.

We have seen that in 1887 the great Dutch chemist, van 't Hoff, pointed out that if we prepare dilute solutions of two substances A and B, whose molecular weights are already known, making these solutions of such concentrations that equal volumes—say one pint of each—contain equal numbers of molecules, and compare their osmotic pressures, then we shall find these pressures are equal. There are, however, some notable exceptions to this rule, and it is found that when a solution, such as a solution of common salt, which conducts electricity is compared with a solution which does not conduct electricity, the osmotic pressure of the former is considerably greater than that of the latter. Now we might explain this fact by supposing that van 't Hoff was wrong, or we might explain it by supposing that mistakes have been made in determining the molecular weights of the substances used in our experiments. But there is at least one other reasonable alternative. Suppose that the Clausius theory of electrolysis is true, suppose that the molecules of electrolytes in solutions are partly broken up into ions, and not only to a slight extent, as Clausius imagined, but to a considerably greater extent than he suggested. Then there would be more separate particles present in the given volume of the conducting solution than in the equal volume of the non-conducting solution, and the actual osmotic pressure of the former would be greater than its calculated osmotic pressure. For the dissociation of the molecules of the salt into their ions, by increasing the number of particles present in any given volume of the solution, would raise the value of all those of its properties which, like osmotic pressure, depend upon the number of particles present in unit volume of the solution. If we accept this solution of the problem, and it is supported by other qualities exhibited by solutions of electrolytes, then it would seem that the abnormal osmotic pressures of substances of this class are not the result of error, but, on the contrary, vindicate the electrolytic dissociation hypothesis, and afford us a means of measuring the extent to which dissociation has taken place in any given solution.

But beautiful and attractive as these last speculations may seem, we must not forget that, after all, the conditions of the molecules of a solute, as they wander for the most part in solitude and far apart from each other amid relatively dense swarms of the molecules of the solvent water, may not be strictly comparable with

the conditions of the molecules in a gas which are not thus hampered by closely packed crowds of attendant alien particles. I ought, therefore, to add that some of the ablest of those who have studied solutions are disposed to hold that the chemical theory may yet be so extended as to bring it into harmony with the above and other facts which at present stand in the way of its acceptance; while others, still fascinated by the physical aspects of the problem, are disposed to transfer their attention from the solute to the solvent, and suspect that 'the active rôle in aqueous solutions' is played not by the substance dissolved, but by the molecules of the water in which it is dissolved.

'An ideally perfect solution,' said the President of Section B, at the last meeting of the British Association, 'that is, a solution the physical properties of which are determined solely by the number of molecules it contains in a given volume, must consist of a solvent and a solute which have no chemical affinity for each other, so that their molecules will neither associate nor dissociate in solution.'

If we could accept this view of the matter the problem would become relatively simple, and its solution might be near at hand. For we should then be justified in confining our attention to a few of the less complex cases, which, it must be admitted, is pretty much what has been done in this present article. But the whole truth about solutions will hardly be reached by following this single road. When we study phenomena connected with solutions, whether it be the liquefaction of a solid like sugar or salt in water or some other familiar liquid, the dissolving of a solid metal in a melted metal, the dissolving of a natural silicate in a molten rock, or reversals of these processes such as occur in the crystallising of salts from their solutions, of metals or metallic complexes from molten alloys, or of the naturally occurring minerals from rock-magmas in prehistoric times, we are required, as two great modern workers in this field have remarked, to read a true palimpsest. In every case Nature has inscribed, as it were, two stories on a single parchment. There is the physical inscription, there is the chemical inscription, closely written, one upon the other, line upon line, in every direction all over the parchment. We may seek to decipher one or we may seek to decipher the other, but neither by itself will yield the whole truth. If we want that, sooner or later we must read them both.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

THE LASS OF WINDWARD FARM.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

PASSIONS ran strong in those days, whether for good or ill, on Lonesome Heath. It seemed the moor folk had learned all their life's lessons from the winds that bent the oaks and sycamores and hazels into queer shapes and knots and tangles; for in truth the folk, like the wind, followed their own way, now at tempest speed, now with a steady forward sweep that carried all before it, and heeded little of what met them in the way.

Parson Shaw, whose church was known as St. John's in the Wilderness, whose cure embraced some five hundred scattered souls that dwelt upon the edges of the heath—Parson Shaw was no whit behind his fellows in those qualities of passion which, by virtue of his calling, he should have railed upon. Forty years of his age, straight-bodied, square-shouldered, with a big head set back in fighting attitude, he was for all the world like his own church, the grim, squat-towered pile of weather-roughened stone that over-looked the heath.

Wayfarers, with little to guide them across the miles of peat and barrenness, would make the sturdy kirk, set high against the skyline, a landmark and a beacon, just as they do to-day; and then, as now, the few strangers who halted at the place, and pushed open the gate of the kirkyard and passed within, were awed by the silence and the stealthy underfret of tragedy that lurked between the blackened headstones. But then—in the days that went just before the Tragedy of Parson Shaw—there was one dark scene that had not yet given its last gloom to this God's acre of St. John's in the Wilderness. To-day the sexton tells you of it, and his toothless gums go chattering one against the other as his tale moves forward; and small wonder, for it is a story such as makes the wind get up and shiver to this day, and to this day the dwellers round about wild Lonesome Heath can hear 'Mad Parson' crying up and down the moor—crying, so they say, as plain as ever man spoke yet, that Judgment and the Wrath have hold of him for ever.

To-day, with the murk of a blood-red gloaming over heath and graves, with the curlews plaining and the moor-tits chattering dolefully, it is easy to return along the pathway of the years and, watching constantly the dark grave in the corner yonder, to see the tale lived out afresh.

Parson Shaw had come to forty years, and had kept his lips from women's; and now, in this spring of 1801, it seemed that the flush of the dawning summer had touched his own heart too. For there came a maid to the house which lies below the church—lies in a sheltered dingle of its own, where the first primroses come out in fear and shyness—and the maid was like no other that any man had seen upon the moor. Nay, the tough Parson's heart was like a lad's again when first he saw her, and long-forgotten glamour came upon him, and he likened her to those same first primroses which ushered in the spring.

And, truth, the picture was all made up of sweetness as the Parson came down the lane to Windward Farm to sup, according to his wont on Saturdays, with Farmer Hirst. The sun was dropping behind the feathery first leaves of a larch; the throistle whistled sweet and clear; the farm its lf, with its low latticed windows, looked out upon a garden bright with the last of the crocuses and the earliest of the auriculas; while round about the seven hives that stood under the house-lee the bees sent up a drowsy evensong.

Dorothy Hirst, in a muslin gown too slight for an April even-tide among the moors, sat on the top step of the porch, a print apron—clover-pink—setting off her slim young shapeliness. And she was singing, much as the throistle was, from sheer love of life and innocence of harm.

All this the Parson saw as he turned the corner of the lane; and his heart, roughened with heedlessness through all these years, grew soft upon the sudden, and he stopped, his mouth half-open like a country clown's, and leaned upon his stick, and watched and watched the lass until she seemed to feel his nearness, and stopped her singing, and glanced up.

Then Parson Shaw came forward and lifted his beaver with a gallantry not often practised by him in his parish; and the girl rose, and dropped a curtsey, and laughed shamefacedly.

'Nay, I am but niece to Farmer Hirst,' said she, 'and little used to liftings of the hat.'

'I uncovered to your bonniness, not to your quality,' the Parson answered bluntly.

Whereat she dropped another curtsey, glancing sideways at him with an archness all made up of innocence, and playfulness, and pity for the foolishness of one so old. For the Parson was stained and wrinkled by the wear and tear of hard hunting, hard living, hard ministering among a folk whose needs would often summon him from bed on stormy nights; he looked more than his forty years, and even forty seems old age to a maid of eighteen years.

'Will you be pleased to step indoors, sir?' she asked, making way for him. 'Uncle looked for you a half-hour since, and the board is ready spread.'

Farmer Hirst was already at the door, however, having heard the Parson's voice, and was thrusting a great red hand into his guest's.

'Come away in, Parson!' he cried cheerily. 'Come away in, and never let a good welcome cool.'

'I was called to christen Eli Reddhiough's brat,' explained the other, though his eyes were still on Dorothy, as if he'd never be finished with looking through and through her. 'There was no time to be lost—a sporting ride I had, I tell you, Hirst, for the child was in convulsions, and 'twas a race with death.'

'You won, I reckon, Parson. Trust you when you're on horseback to be there or thereabouts at the finish.'

'Ay, I won; made a Christian soul of the brat, with just a minute and a half to spare. And now I'm keen set, Hirst, I own it; let's to supper, and crown a good job done.'

Dorothy took off her apron, donned for some trivial household task that might have soiled her gown, and sat at table, and played the hostess with the natural, well-bred ease that is a gift of the Yorkshire upland folk. Yet all the while she was thinking of that scrap of talk which had passed between her uncle and the Parson. Bred further from the moors than these dwellers upon Lonesome Heath, she could not understand the bluntness which, after all, was honesty; could not understand that this Parson, who talked with seeming lack of reverence of holy things, was yet faithful to his trust in a way that only the parish understood.

Again and again as the meal went forward—cold beef, and apple-pasty, and a cheese as round as a full moon—she stole long glances at their guest, and wondered that his talk was all of foxes and of horses, of guns and snipe and partridge, of boasts that he thanked

Heaven for making him at least a sportsman, since a poor parson he was, and must be to the end of his rough days. Perhaps, had she been as the folk of Lonesome Heath—perhaps, had she been older in years or in the sorrow that gives age to youth—she might have rated Parson Shaw at his true value, and loved him for a man, and a true man. Perhaps she might have brought his hidden powers of tenderness to light, and cherished them, and given him children to complete the glory of his manhood. And yet it was not possible had she been older in her judgment; for women ever think too highly or too lowly of a man, making a god or a devil of him in their thoughts, and thereby spoiling him for manhood, which is, and ever will be, a mixture of the god and devil.

Supper was ended by-and-by, and long clay pipes were brought by Dorothy, and an oak jar of Returns tobacco, and tumblers and spirits on a tray. And then she left them to their talk, and wandered out into the balmy moonlit night, and thought how rough and worldly was the Parson for his station.

Within doors they were talking of next Monday's hunt, away beyond Pendle Hill; and for a while the Parson was eager as of old to chat of hounds and huntsman, to prophesy the wood where they would first find scent, to map out beforehand the story of the run. But by-and-by he fell silent, and stared so resolutely at the peats that Farmer Hirst was moved to jog his elbow with one end of his churchwarden pipe.

'Why, 'tis not like you, Parson, to fall dreamy all for naught, 'specially when tongues are wagging of sly Reynard.'

'Like me?' growled Parson Shaw, sitting bolt upright and putting a light to the dead remnant of tobacco in his bowl. 'Like me? Well, no, 'tis not—as little like as Reynard himself is like the hounds that follow him. Naught is like me since I saw yon maid of yours sitting on the doorstep as if Heaven had minted her to-day and sent her unsoiled to us world-weary folk of Lonesome Heath.'

Farmer Hirst laid down his pipe and put a hand on either knee—stretched wide apart—and looked at his guest as if to ask frankly if he were fairy-kist, or drunk, or what. But he said nothing, being at all times slow of speech, and slower now than ever in face of this hard liver, who talked poetry by inadvertence, as it were. For the farmer had missed both love and wedlock, and, missing it, would lack understanding, through all the remainder of his days, of what a man may feel for the one woman in his life.

'How comes she here?' asked Parson Shaw, after a long silence.

'Oh, well, as for that, 'tis simple enough. You've heard me talk of my brother John, who ran from home when he was shoulder-height, and went to sea, and made a bit of a fortune, like? Well, he couldn't bide away from the old spot, and yet he couldn't bring himself to settle quite so far away as what he called the last place God ever made; and so he went to Skipton, with his one lass, and lived and died there, and troubled me so little that you and he have never chanced across one another.'

'But the maid—the maid?' said the Parson, impatiently.

'Why, sir, John was always queer in his ways, and he said naught to me in his lifetime of what he meant her to be done with after his death; but when it came to reading his will, it seemed the maid was to stay on at some school or other where he'd placed her, like, until she rose to eighteen of her years; and then she was to come to me.'

The Parson nodded briskly. 'Thou'rt lucky, Hirst—lucky.'

'Oh, well, as for that, I'm fond enough o' the lass, and she's a bit like summer in a house I'll own. Anyway, Parson, here she is—came yesternight, with a trunk as high as Pendle Hill—and here she'll bide, I reckon, till her courting days come on. Now, you were talking of Monday's hunt. The fox'll break cover, think ye, at Fairy Dene?'

Parson Shaw laid down his pipe, pulled out a great horn snuff-box from under the lapel of his coat, and took a careful pinch.

'I'm not just thinking of the hunt,' he said. 'I'm thinking of that lass of yours. Her courting days have come.'

Farmer Hirst, after all, had been reared amidst the upland weather, and so was proof against overmuch surprise.

'Oh, ay?' he answered guardedly.

'I see a fence, and I take it; 'tis not my way to think about it,' went on the other. 'I mean to wed that lass before the summer's over.'

The farmer mixed himself a measure of Hollands and drank it slowly.

'Tis what ye might call a bit sudden—like, eh, Parson?' said he, setting down the empty tumbler.

'Ay, as sudden as falling out of the saddle; but just as sure. See you, Hiram Hirst, I've never had a fancy in my head for any woman till to-night—my dogs and my horses and my parish have

taken all my time—and a woman takes a man hard when he comes to forty and one.'

'Now, then, 'tis all very well, Parson—'tis all very well, I say, for ye to come and sup with us, neighbour-fashion, and to tell your tales beside the hearthstone, and all like one of ourselves, as a body might say—but blood's blood, and you're of the quality—'

'Tut, man! Blood's blood, to be sure, and it races soon or late with every man at sight of a maid's face.'

'Just hear me out, Parson,' went on the older man, the dignity of pride upon him—a pride rooted in the hills that shut in Windward Farm. 'When I say you're of the quality I've no thought of bowing and scraping to you, or pretending the maid isn't worth the best man she can light on. Nay, I'm saying just that you're of the quality, and she's not, and it doesn't hold with what I've seen of life to match a thoroughbred with the bonniest half-bred filly ever you set een on. One's as good as t'other; but each to his kind, say I.'

The Parson laughed, the laugh of one who loves an obstacle. 'I shall wed her,' he said.

Again there was a silence, broken by Hiram Hirst.

'That's as may be, Parson; but I'd have you mind another thing. Maids, so I've heard—and seen myself, for that matter—are kittle cattle. They like a masterful pull on the curb, but they like it to come gradual-like. Wear that sort of face to Dorothy yonder, and snap out at her, Parson, telling her all in a breath that you mean to have her—well, try it, and see if she doesn't skim like a swallow over hedge and dyke.'

'Why, Hiram, what's all this? I fancied you knew naught of women.'

'Oh, whiles we have to learn a bit of all sorts, and women have come my way now and then, and I've eyes to see with.'

The Parson got to his feet on the sudden, a fury of tenderness in his face. He took his pipe and broke it in two pieces, and threw them into the peats, then faced his host.

'I love her, I tell you, and, losing her, I'll be as useless as those broken pieces, fit neither to smoke good 'baccy nor to lie idle on the mantelsheff. An oath's an oath, Hiram, and I swear to wed the lass. I——'

He stopped, for Dorothy herself came in at the low doorway. She had been thinking, out there in the garden, how old the Parson was, how fierce he was, how wedded to his sports; and now, as

she gave him a demure good-night, she did not guess—how could she?—that a storm of her own making would whistle over Lonesome Heath, a storm whose tale would live so long as Lonesome Heath lay under Pendle Hill.

Nor did Farmer Hirst foresee the storm when, later on, he opened the door to usher out his guest; he only wondered, in his slow way, 'what had come over Parson, like, to make him so fain of a lass's face.' Only the Parson guessed dimly that the tempest might arise; but, being sanguine in all matters, he put by the thought that Dorothy could stand against this new, strong love of his, and told himself—all like a lad in first love-fever—that he would lead a better life henceforth, God willing, and guard well his happiness and hers, and teach the youngsters, who would surely come, that it was good to pull a trigger, and sit a horse, and love the soft ways of a maid.

For in all things Parson Shaw was thorough, and in all things he was quick; and those who knew him best, if they had looked quietly at the matter, would have seen that his swift love and swift resolve to woo and wed were of a piece with the man's life. In sport, in loving ministry to his rough flock, in exhortation from the pulpit, and in less spiritual—and more muscular—upbraiding of backsliders, he was ever a man whose heart walked leagues ahead of prudence and cold thought. So he would be to the end, and what the end might be lay now with Dorothy Hirst, a maid too young, too slender in all ways, to bear so hard a burden.

It was love indeed that had come to Parson Shaw. The chance beauty of a face had stirred it, as it had stirred worse passions before his day and after; but love had come to birth. It was as if it had lain there all along, as if his forty years of life had been a waiting time, as if the spring had thawed him just as it had thawed the primrose roots, the greening trees, the fields where the youngest of the oats were pushing through the soil.

And so, like a little child, he went home to the parsonage under the tender moonlight, under the stars, under the soft blue arch of that heaven which, in his softer moods, he had so often promised his parishioners. Quiet thoughts came to him as he walked—of his mother, dead long ago, of the long, elusive dreams forgotten since his boyhood, of throstles singing in the fresh spring thickets. And over all these was the thought of Dorothy Hirst.

She came to kirk on the morrow with her uncle, and sat just

under Parson Shaw when he mounted the pulpit. It seemed to him that the grey and damp old church was full of warmth and sunlight, though in sober fact a group of starveling firs hid all the little sun that might have reached the place. He preached from a true heart fervently, and there was a light upon his face which none had seen there heretofore; and after kirk he asked himself to dinner at Windward Farm, though he had supped there only yester-even; and Dorothy again played dainty hostess, and sent him back to the parsonage with fresh dreams and new resolves.

On the Monday, too, he was at Windward Farm, for the length of a stirrup-cup before he and Farmer Hirst set off for the meet; and it was Dorothy who brought the cup.

'I'll bring you the brush, mistress; ay, if I break my neck in getting it,' he laughed, as they started down the stony bridle-way.

Farmer Hirst dropped out of the hunt before the day was half over, but the Parson was still well in front when the last fierce run went near to finishing at gloaming-tide. Only the hounds, the huntsman, Parson Shaw, and wild Will Norton, Squire of Lonesome Heath, were left to follow, and the fox ran hard, straight into the eye of a westering sun that was redder than his own red brush.

'I win the brush, Parson; a guinea on it!' panted Will, as they ran neck for neck.

'A wager, then,' was all the Parson answered.

Five minutes, ten, and still the fox held on, though it was plain that only by finding cover speedily could he be saved; and neither Squire nor Parson guessed that the rivalry between them was a foreshadowing of that trouble which was soon to lie heavy upon Lonesome Heath. Yet the Parson should have guessed it, for he knew the hate that even now was stealing in—hatred of his old friend and boon companion, the Squire, lest he should overmatch him and win the brush already promised to the Lass of Windward Farm. Two days ago the Parson had been heart-whole; yet now the hunt, the sweep of rising country, the sunlit sky itself, were narrowed down to be a frame for one sweet picture. He no longer rode as of old, a sportsman ready for the give and take of chance; at any cost he coveted the brush, because already in fancy he had given it to Mistress Dorothy.

And now the chances of the chase had brought them, in a wide circle, back to the base of Pendle Hill, and the fox was moving in a thin streak of brown against the grey and bent grass, straight

up the higher fields. And the hounds were ever gaining; and Squire and Parson rattled forward, neck for neck.

It was then that Will Norton's horse put one forefoot in a cony burrow, and fell, bringing his rider heavily to the ground. And it was then that the Parson ought to have learned the new darkness, as well as the new light, that love had brought to him; for he felt no generous pity for his rival—only a lifting of the heart as he pressed on, and found himself beside the dying fox, and took the brush from Harry the Huntsman's hands. He was glad of the Squire's fall, and scarcely felt ashamed that he was glad.

'A guinea to the bad—and a lost brush—and a crown half cracked,' cried wild Will, with one of his rollicking laughs, as he came up. 'May the cony that made the burrow be—be damned, Parson, saving your cloth.'

Parson Shaw was his own man again, and thoroughly ashamed by now of his late glee.

'Glad 'tis no worse, Will. And the nag?'

'Ought to have broken his knees, the fool, but hasn't a scratch. Well, 'twas a fine run, Parson—the finest we've had for many a year. Come you home with me, and we'll crack a bottle or so to Huntsman Harry's health.'

So the Parson went with him, and they supped royally as of old. Well-matched they were, at revelry or hunting; alike in build, though the Squire, unlike his elder, had sipped honey from many women's lips and seemed unwearied yet of too much sweetness. They sat and drank their wine, and told their stories, and laughed and jested; and the cloud between them, no bigger than a man's hand, seemed to have lifted quite till the Squire strode into a burrow bigger and deeper by far than that which had brought his horse to ground that day.

'Was at the Parsonage yestr'en,' he said, 'but that wry-faced housekeeper of yours told me that you were cheering some sick body with threats about their future life; and when I laughed, and asked if sickness in itself were not enough, she told me plainly that my own spiritual condition showed signs of wear and tear. Damme, she must be a sweet companion for your solitude, Parson!'

'Ay, Janet told me you had called. Why didst not stay, Will, knowing there was supper waiting for thee after Evensong?'

'I had to be home, and only called to make sure we'd meet to-day. Not that I regretted missing you, Parson, once in a way, for I rode home by Windward Farm, and—— Why, what's amiss?'

'Naught,' snapped the Parson. 'I felt as if a ghost walked over my grave, that's all.'

'Tut! Drive out the ghost with honest wine. Ghosts and wine are sworn foes, as you should know by this. As I was saying, I rode home by Windward Farm, and there at the garden-gate stood a lass like a hazel-stem with the spring sun on its bark. Gad, I thought that my heart was wearing out, but it beat as fresh as any youngster's.'

The Parson, true to his creed, took this last fence of the day as he had taken the first, promptly and without forethought of any kind.

'Will Norton,' he said, getting to his feet, 'we've hunted and we've drunk together for more years than I care to call to mind; but the end of that has come.'

Will Norton set his glass down and stared blankly at his guest; but he said no word.

'When two men love one lass,' went on the Parson, 'one must lose; and 'twill not be you, but I, to win the maid, even as I won the brush to-day.'

'There was a cony burrow in the way,' laughed Will, refusing still to think the Parson anything but drunk.

'Ay, and there will be a cony burrow in the way another time,' said Parson Shaw, with a look in his face that even Will could not mistake. 'Hark! I know your way with a maid, and this one is below your station, as you would put it to yourself, and, by the God that made us, you shall stand aside and leave her to the man who loves her honestly and means to wed her.'

The Squire was easeful by nature and good-natured by habit; but women had ever been will-o'-the-wisps to him, to lure him into bogs, and Dorothy Hirst, with her grace and modesty and freshness, already had him at her apron-strings. Moreover, he was obstinate when met with downright opposition, and Parson Shaw had roused his temper.

'So the wind sits there, does it?' he answered, standing to his full height and looking Parson Shaw between the eyes. 'Well, then, Parson, we'll ride for her neck and neck, just as we rode for the brush to-day; and perhaps 'twill be you who sets foot in a burrow this time.'

The Parson took the brush from the mantelshelf, where he had laid it on first coming in, and put both hands pointedly behind his back.

'Good-night,' was all he said.

The Squire was too proud to follow his guest and press attentions on him; and Parson Shaw went out alone to the stables, saddled his horse—the grooms had long since gone to bed—and rode slowly out across the heath. He thought of many things on the way home, but most of all of this danger that had come so close to Dorothy Hirst. He knew—none better—how smooth Will Norton was wont to find his dalliance-path. He knew—as even unwedded parsons must—how butterfly-passion is far more apt than honest love to dazzle women. And to his love had been added the one thing needful to rivet it—the knowledge, namely, that danger threatened Dorothy, and the longing, unselfish and untainted, to rescue her from ill.

It was during this homeward ride that the storm gathered to a head—the storm which afterwards made the kirkyard of St. John's in the Wilderness a place of horror. Out of the very depth of the Parson's love the tragedy was brewed, for such tragedy was only possible now he had learned that selfless yearning for another's welfare which is the rarest attribute of love.

'At all costs I must save the lass,' he muttered, as he led his horse to its stall, and fed and watered and bedded it for the night.

Two ways there were of saving her, and the first way lay nearest to his heart. So, forgetting (or not heeding) the warnings of Farmer Hirst as to the shy ways of a maid, he betook him on the morrow to Windward Farm, found Dorothy at the foot of the lane, gave her the brush (whose smell offended her no little, used as she was to the ways of town and school), and afterwards approached his subject much as he would have approached a fence with three feet of water on the farther side. He told her, simply enough, but with a light in his eyes that frightened her, that he loved her, could not do without her, wanted her to be his wife. And she—thinking, though she did not say as much, of a gallant who had stayed to chat with her at the gate not long ago—was bewildered, anxious to seek cover, do anything but meet the Parson's eyes. Was this the old, old man, she was saying hurriedly to herself—this the man whose one thought was of hunting—this her husband? Oh, out of question altogether.

Parson Shaw knew when he was beaten. True lovers do, even if they be less hardy and sincere than Parson Shaw.

'There, there!' he said, patting her on the shoulder with a

kindly hand. 'There, there, lassie! I was a fool to dream of it—an old fool. There's nothing harder to forgive than an old fool.'

And so he went home, without seeing Farmer Hirst; and he knew, as if by some instinct, that wild Will Norton would step in lightly where he had almost feared to tread. And through the day, and through the night, he prayed and thought about it—thought and prayed.

With the dawn there came no peace to him, but a great resolve. He dared not face his God; and yet, deep down in his heart, he knew this cowardice for false humility; he knew that what must come was what was settled centuries ago, before ever women were frail to sin and men were strong to strike.

'Tis for the lass's sake—the sweet, unspoiled lass's,' he said, as he went in by habit to his breakfast of eggs and rashers and strong ale.

It was like the man to practise no trickery with himself. He might have told himself that the maid was coy, that he could beat down her defences by sheer weight of purpose, that love would follow afterwards; but, bringing love, he sought for an equal gift from Dorothy; and, knowing by sure instinct that such would never come to him, he faced disaster like a man.

Yet even his dogged will could not cure his heart-sickness. In the days that followed, though he rode through all the last remaining hunts, though he laboured as of yore among his people, though he drank neither less nor more and ate with seeming appetite, his heart was broken, and he knew it. Janet knew it, too—the wry-faced housekeeper, who loved her master as if he had sucked at her own barren breast; and Janet, guessing the cause of it, wondered how such as Dorothy Hirst should have power given them to ruin such as Parson Shaw.

'A bonnie face the maid has, and a slim shape,' grumbled Janet, as she went about her housewife's work; 'but a lass's face carries no man beyond an hour or two of moonshine. What else has she to show? Naught much that I can see. To be sure, she's heath-born, and carries a decent way with her at kirk and table; but she's no way heath-bred, and yond school for mincing dames she went to hasn't bettered her. Sakes, I'd liefer Parson had fancied the roughest farm-wench on the moor than this slim bundle of windle-straws.'

Wherein Janet was in a measure right, though the truth or falseness of her judgment aided Parson Shaw no whit.

Squire Norton, a frequent visitor aforetime at the parsonage, did not come near his friend after their quarrel; for the Squire had two motives for avoiding Parson Shaw. He found it hard, in the first place, to forgive a quarrel forced upon him in his own house by a guest; he found it harder still to meet the Parson face to face knowing how far his own headstrong wooing of Dorothy Hirst had gone.

For Norton had prospered in his suit, according to his notions of prosperity. First there were chance meetings at the gate of Windward Farm, when Farmer Hirst was busy with the sowing of his turnip-seed; then followed meetings prearranged and further from the house; and within the month Dorothy, poor fool, was tame as a cushat in his hands, and counted all her life a mere preamble to this crowning happiness of love.

And where was Parson Shaw the while—Parson Shaw, who had vowed to guard and succour Dorothy? Here, too, fate seemed to play into the hands of wild Will Norton, for the Parson never once throughout that month surprised a tryst, though sometimes he came near to doing it. And so, as the weeks wore by and he saw no sign of Will, the Parson began to tell himself that his fears had been misplaced—that Will, light of fancy and lighter of purpose, had found more tempting quarry somewhere, and was leaving Lonesome Heath in peace.

‘Hast heard aught of Squire Norton lately?’ he asked his housekeeper as she was clearing supper after Sabbath Evensong.

‘Nay; and I’ve wondered whiles what’s come to him. ’Tis a month since he set foot across the threshold here. They do say—’

‘Say what?’ put in the other impatiently.

‘Why, that we’d have seen him before this if he was his own man. You know, sir, the weakness that his mother left him with?’

‘Tut, tut! You mean the black moods he used to fall into, going like one robbed of hope and life for days and days? He’s outgrown them, Janet, long ago.’

‘That’s as may be. For my part, I mind the last time he was taken so, two years ago, when he came nigh to taking his own life; and ’tis not for a body to say ever ye can rid yourself for good and all of such a curse as yond.’

Will Norton, as it chanced, was walking at the moment in

Fairy Dene, with Dorothy beside him and a white moon overhead. The tenderest night it was, such as comes when the first shy flush of spring is on the moors and wooded dingles ; a night when homely scents and sounds grow full of poetry, and lowing of kine from the byres on the hill-top is apt to take a man back to his boyhood, when dreams were long and all the world a sweetness without sin.

Ay, and the heart of wild Will Norton was touched to-night. This girl was not as other lasses of the moor ; their secret—Will's and hers—was a trouble and a shame to her, and Will, looking down on the face that had reminded Parson Shaw of the first primrose, swore that he would make an end of wildness once for all.

'Dorothy, lass, I'll see your uncle in the morning,' he said suddenly.

She clutched his arm. 'Will, Will ! Not that ! Uncle must never know—never guess——'

'I'm going to tell him that we are to be wedded, you and I, within the week.'

One glance she gave him, and saw that the light of truth was in his face ; and then a sob broke from her as she nestled close into his arms.

'Thank God !' she murmured.

And to Will Norton came a something that was finer, happier, than any moment of the sinful years had been, something that belittled his pride of birth and the sense of sacrifice with which he had approached this matter.

'Yes, thank God,' said he, quite simply ; 'and by God's help I'll make you happy, child.'

And a little wind got up and played about the Dene ; and the moon shone down untroubled ; and God, on whom these erring children called, seemed well aware that they were minded to wipe clean the past.

Parson Shaw, his supper finished, went out across the graveyard ; and his thoughts, too, were more in keeping with the spring than they had been these four weeks past. He thought of his ruined hopes, and murmured that God knew best—a confession wrung from him, as it were, by gentle force of the spring night. He thought of wild Will Norton, and remembered only the old friendship that had lain between them. To be sure, the Squire had been wild ; but was there not excuse ? From boyhood Will had been his own master, rich, and free to go his ways. From

boyhood, too, he had been subject to those curious fits of moodiness of which Janet had made mention.

It was long since Parson Shaw had seen this friend of other days, and, now that he felt sure of Dorothy's escape, he let friendship ride on a loose rein. Did he not know how Will had feared the recurrence of these moody fits, which were a legacy that outweighed lands and riches and all else? Had not his wild life been in part excusable, as being a blind effort to escape from fear? Ay, and could he not remember many a night when Will had come to him, unnerved and desperate, to seek solace from that awful dread?

Parson Shaw was frankly sorry they had quarrelled; and in the midst of a resolve to ride across to-morrow and ask Will's pardon he found himself at Windward Farm. Hiram Hirst was leaning over the white garden-gate, smoking an after-supper pipe and thinking what rare weather this was for his fields.

'Hallo, Parson!' he called cheerily. 'Are ye tasting the sweet o' the night, as I am doing?'

'Ay, just tasting the sweet o' the night, Hiram, and making my peace with God and man.'

The Parson had rarely set foot of late across the threshold of Windward, and Hiram Hirst, seeing his broken-heartedness, had given a shrewd guess at the reason, and had forbore to question his old friend. But to-night, moved by the softness of sky and land, may be, he opened the wicket and motioned the Parson to come in.

'I'm all alone, Parson. Step in and drink a measure with me.'

'All alone?' said the other, doubtfully. 'Where, then, is—is—'

'Dorothy? Nay, I know not. She's taken to wandering abroad these days—eats as little as would fill a sparrow, and cannot rest indoors. The spring has got into her blood, I reckon, and if 'twere not that there's not a gallant hereabouts to take her fancy, I might be getting a bit uneasy-like.'

In a moment Parson Shaw had lost his peace with God and man, had lost his friendlier thoughts of wild Will Norton. Fool, fool that he had been! Had he known Will so little as to forget that, once he started on a chase, he rode to the finish of the hunt?

Without a farewell he went down the lane at a long, swinging trot; and Farmer Hirst, watching him, shook his head, knocked out the ashes of his pipe with slow deliberation, and went indoors.

'He's mazed!' he muttered. 'Poor Parson! And he sounded

so cheery-like till Dorothy's name came in among our talk. I doubt his heart is broken. Ay, I've laughed at the notion of a heart-break, but once seen it's not forgotten.'

The Parson, meanwhile, strode down the lane with a sort of instinct that he was going in the true direction. The road led straight to Fairy Dene, and Fairy Dene was ever the nook which lads and lasses sought when spring was kindly with the moors. No spot was at once so sheltered from the wind and so open to the sun, so near the open heath, where each man saw his neighbour's goings-out and comings-in, and yet so sheltered from all observation. Fool, fool that he had been never to go at gloaming-tide, or in some moonlight hour, to see if Will was to be found in this likeliest corner of the heath!

God forbid that any man should read the true tale of the Parson's heart as he went up and down, down and up, that stony, moonlit lane. For it was a man's heart, whether it were whole or broken, and its agonies must lie behind that veil of decency with which we screen the highest and the lowest realities of our motley life. Enough that the road led him to a raised strip of ling and gorse which overlooked the Dene, and that he saw Will Norton below him in the moonlight, his arm about the girl's slim waist—saw both of them halt in their lovers' walk from time to time, and talk together quietly, and kiss as if all the kisses in the world were not grown old by this time.

They parted at the foot of the track which led steeply up to where the Parson stood; and Dorothy, looking backward often, did not see the burly, black-coated figure till she neared the top.

'Good—good-even, Parson,' she said, timorously.

'Ay, good-even,' he answered, and passed on.

That was all. Yet in his face and in his voice there was something that made the girl shiver—something pitiless, and strong, and not to be denied. She remembered his strange wooing; she recalled his broken look of late; she saw that he was striding down the path, his face turned towards the way that Will had taken. For a while she stood there, irresolute; then, scarce knowing what she did, she followed Parson Shaw. There was trouble in the air, grievous trouble; and in some dumb fashion she felt that she must see that trouble to its end.

Parson Shaw did not know he was followed as he crossed the Dene and struck up into the desolate heath that lay between this and Norton House—the heath with its broken face where the quarry-pits riddled it from end to end. He was far ahead of

Dorothy, and, moreover, his thoughts were of the man who walked in front, and not of any curious eyes that might be watching from behind.

And so the three of them passed out into the garish moonlight of the uplands—a white land marked with inky splashes where the quarries lay; and then a night-bird cried, and after that the moon was veiled by a passing cloud, and the three seemed hidden by the night.

When Janet brought in her master's breakfast on the morrow her quick eyes noted that his face was grey and lined; but his greeting was pleasant as of old, his air was that of a man who has done some hard and necessary task, and done it, if not without weariness, at least with thoroughness.

'Ye're not just yourself this morning?' hazarded Janet, moving restlessly about the room.

'Ay, just myself, Janet. When is a man less or more? Just myself, with my few good deeds and all my sins to answer for.'

And so he fell to at his breakfast, and finished it, and afterwards rode far across the moor to minister to a dying member of his flock. It was late when he returned, and Janet met him at the door.

'There's ill news, sir,' she said.

The Parson winced, then pulled himself together. 'What is't, Janet?' he asked.

'Why, they've found poor Squire Norton at the bottom of a quarry-pit, with a broken neck; and I've had my own fears, as you know, that something ill would happen by-and-by. Didn't I tell you, when Squire never came to sup with you these weeks and weeks past, that the black mood was riding him again; and didn't I fear, without daring to lay tongue to it, that he'd make an end of himself one day?'

'Where is he lying?' The Parson's voice was cool and hard, so that Janet wondered at it.

'They carried him to the "Norton Arms," and there's to be a crowner's quest to-morrow. Eh, poor lad! 'Tis a hard world, and I fancied I was hardened to it, master; but I'd a soft corner in my heart for Squire Norton, and it's black to think of his running fair into the mouth of hell like this. There's no hope, I take it, master, for those as take their own lives wilfully?' she added, turning instinctively to the priest, who out of his wisdom, may be, could give her comfort.

The Parson was silent for a while ; then, ' Janet,' he said, ' God only knows when there is hope for a man ; but be sure that He condemns no man without a hearing.'

And then he went into his study and locked the door ; and when he came out, late on the morrow's morn, his face was older, finer, fuller of those mysteries which lie on the threshold of another life.

Dorothy Hirst, meanwhile, was lying ill at Windward Farm. The parish leech, summoned in haste by Farmer Hirst, could make nothing of her case, and Hirst could only tell him that the girl had gone wandering down towards Fairy Dene, and had returned ' all crazy-like and dumb, as if she'd seen the Brown man or the Dog.' For days she lay thus, saying no word, but holding both hands tight across her eyes as if to hide some picture ; and the ' crowner's quest' was held upon the body of Will Norton, and the jury, though each man, knowing the Squire's wildness and his fits of melancholy, thought it a clear case of self-murder—the jury, remembering his station and the love they'd had for him, brought in a verdict of ' death by misadventure' ; and the eve of the burial, which was to be in the graveyard of St. John's in the Wilderness, found Dorothy still lying on her bed, still pressing both hands on her eyes and saying naught of good or ill.

It was on the day of the burial that she came out of her lethargy. Farmer Hirst had stolen on tiptoe into her room to ask the farm-wife who was nursing her if there were any change ; and the woman had shaken her head ; and then the two of them had fallen to gossiping of the coming burial.

Dorothy lay quiet as ever, but after her uncle had gone out she left her bed, washed and dressed herself—the farm-wife looking on, as at a miracle—and fastened on her bonnet.

' Why, bairn, whatever ails thee ? Thou'rt not fit to go abroad.'

' They are going to bury him, you said, and I must stand beside the grave,' was all she said ; and the farm-wife was too lost in wonderment to check her.

' I have no mourning garb, but *he* will understand,' the girl murmured, as she went out across the garden, gay with its spring flowers, and up the lane, and into the little kirkyard.

All the countryside was seeking the same bourne, for Will Norton was as well known as Pendle Hill throughout Lonesome Heath, and his untimely end had wakened sympathy. Few noticed Dorothy Hirst as she slipped in among them and found a place

close to the grave's edge ; and those who did only wondered where her high spirits had gone and why she wore so pale a face.

And by-and-by Parson Shaw came out from the church, and after him the coffin, carried shoulder-height, and after that, again, the mourners. The sky, clear for the whole week before, had clouded over in the morning, and now began to drip in sullen, scattered rain ; the wind had shifted to the east, and wailed among the headstones. Now and then a flake of snow would fall amid the raindrops.

'Tis unchancy curious weather, neighbour Reddhiough,' muttered one farmer to another.

'Ay, 'tis all as bleak as a new-clipt ewe ; but so it should be, like, considering the job that Parson's got on hand. Poor Will Norton ! Poor Squire ! We could better have spared a better lad.'

Grave, reverent, a striking figure, standing at the grave-head in his fluttering surplice, Parson Shaw looked round upon the folk before he spoke the opening words of the service. It was his custom so to do, as if he asked them one and all to show reverence equal to his own.

At first he saw a group of faces ; and then he saw one face alone. Dorothy's eyes were fixed upon his, and with a cry of terror she awoke from that half-sleep which had lulled her since the night when she followed Squire and Parson up into the moor. In a half-sleep she had come here, knowing only that Will was dead, and that she must needs go up and stand beside him at the last ; but now she was awake, and she remembered all that she had seen beneath the moonlight.

For a moment Parson Shaw faltered ; his fingers loosed their hold upon the open Prayer-book, and the wind disordered all the leaves. He found the place again, steadied himself, then went forward with the service. And Dorothy Hirst listened like one in a trance until the Parson said, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' until the sexton dropped a scattered handful of peat-mould upon the coffin. Only then did Dorothy find voice.

Straight and slim she stood, her face more beautiful in its pallor than ever it had been when the blush of the summer rose was on it.

'Thou art the man !' she said, pointing, so clearly that none could make mistake, at Parson Shaw.

The quietness of her voice carried conviction to the onlookers—carried horror, too, and blank dismay.

As for the Parson, he finished the service and then turned to Dorothy.

‘What mean you, child?’ he asked.

‘I followed you—last Sunday night it was—after you had passed me down by Fairy Dene,’ said Dorothy, in the same passionless voice. ‘I saw a look of murder in your face, and I followed. The dead man here was alive upon that night, and he was walking just ahead of you to Norton House. I followed you both until you overtook him in the middle of the moor, where the quarry-pits are. I saw you fight together; I saw you strike him on the forehead, and saw him fall down the deepest quarry of them all. And now the dead man seems calling—calling to me to avenge him.’

The Parson stood to his full height; and those who witnessed that strange scene have passed on the story to their children and their children’s children how strange a dignity—nay, a glory almost—clothed the man from head to foot. The snow no longer came in single flakes, but in a grey, wan shower that made fantastic shapes of church and gravestones; dusted the Parson’s head with white, so that his close-cropped hair seemed grey before its time; settled upon the coffin, down below there in its grave, as if to show that there was something colder still than death.

‘Friends,’ said Parson Shaw, ‘I thought that this deed of mine was hidden from all eyes save God’s; and with God I have made my peace, and have had assurance of the same. And I was minded to continue here among you, doing God’s work as best I might; for I was over-young to die and shirk my task, and by confession there seemed nothing to be gained, but rather lost. That was my purpose; but God saw otherwise, and now I must take my last farewell of you. The story Mistress Hirst has told you is true; I fought with the dead man here, and I drove him down the quarry-face, not meaning to. So now, having already given my soul into God’s keeping, and repented of sins big and little that were mine, I will gladly pay my reckoning here on earth and give myself into the law’s keeping.’

There were men there who loved Parson Shaw, and the clean, straight manliness of him carried all hearts; yet they were affrighted and perplexed by this disaster, which had come upon them as suddenly as had the snowstorm and the bitter, crying wind.

‘Parson, Parson, why did ye kill the man?’ cried one old farmer.

A sigh of relief—nay, a sob—went up into the drifting snow-flakes. It was the question which all had longed and none had dared to ask.

‘I fought with him,’ said Parson Shaw, ‘for reasons which no man shall ever pry into. Enough that I saw disaster coming to a virgin soul, and I tried to stay it, forgetting that God chooses His own instruments.’

Dorothy, her thoughts with the dead man lying yonder, did not realise that Parson Shaw had held her honour dear, that he chose to go to his account without excuse rather than plead the true justification of his deed; and now she told all the folk of Lonesome Heath the secret that she shared with Parson Shaw.

‘God help me!’ she cried. ‘And we—the dead man there and I—were to have been wedded when the month was out.’

Parson Shaw looked once at her and bowed his head. In all his reckonings no thought had come to him that wild Squire Norton might have meant well this once by the lass of his choice.

There was a pause, broken by the wailing of the wind; and the Parson raised his head, and seemed to murmur something, and fall prone into the grave below him. His broken heart had carried him staunchly so far—carried him through marshes into which a weaker man might have sunk; but its work was done at last.

They lifted him from out the grave; and presently his house-keeper, Janet, was roused by a knocking at the parsonage door. She opened, saw the burden that they carried, and folded her arms quietly on her breast.

‘Step in,’ she said. ‘Nay, never fear to tell me he is dead, for right well I know it. It was to be, neighbours. And haven’t I seen the death-grey colour in his face this month or more?’

And so they buried him hard by wild Will Norton; and the tale which the fathers have handed down to us is fit excuse, folk say to-day, for the wildness of the winds that blow about the grave-stones of St. John in the Wilderness; excuse for the will-o’-the-wisps that wander from the moor to play about the graves; excuse for ghostly frets and tumults that stir about this lonely kirkyard on the hill.

They are a shrewd folk, these dwellers upon Lonesome Heath; and the judgment of three generations is summed up in this—that Parson Shaw was a true priest and honest gentleman. Let those who live far off from St. John’s in the Wilderness forbear to judge him.

THE JUDGMENT OF ETON.

BY A DENIZEN.

(It is rumoured that next term every Etonian will have to make his choice between Volunteering, Music, and Handicraft.)

. . . Then to the bower they came ;
As to their dress, my modesty refers
The reader back to the original ;
But all about their feet the prickly pear,
The pennyroyal and the marjoram,
And elecampane, and other herbs that form
The range of classic Flora, seemed to thrive,
And violets drooped, and roses blushed to see
Their presence, and their absence of attire.

Dear Mother Eton, hear me ere I die !
Then first of all I saw the God of war,
Lord of a hundred battles (though indeed
80 per cent. were drawn, and 20 lost),
Those sparkling eyes and that ambrosial hair
Playing athwart his shoulders, like a god's.
And then he talked of War, and foughten fields,
Efficiency, and concentration camps,
And coffee-coloured tunics, lined with blue.

Dear Mother Eton, hear me ere I die !
So at the first I mark'd not, and at last
Mark'd little. For indeed he seemed to me
To talk like Baden-Powell, though of course
I did not like to say so ; but his voice
Came to me dimly, like a gramophone
With some electioneering speech inside.
' We do not fight with bats (applause) or pads,
Or picture-postcards (laughter) ; what we need
Is soldiers trained to ride and trained to shoot,
Not little Brodricks (laughter, and applause).
In the late war in Africa (applause)
The Imperial Yeomanry (renewed applause)—

The Imperial—(ferment, and renewed applause)—
 Have shown how little England can rely
 On untrained valour. And I might go on
 For ages, till a stop should coincide
 By some chance with the ending of a line.'

Dear Mother Eton, hear me ere I die !
 He ceased, and I, that long had stood amaz'd,
 Held forth to him half-doubtfully the bun,
 As who should thus award it ; but just then
 In tones so musical as to suggest
 Some half a dozen lines of simile
 Apollo, darling of the Muses, spoke :
 'Self-harmony, self-unison, and tone,
 These three alone make up self-government.
 Music alone is mistress, she alone
 Hath power to soothe the savage beast (or breast),
 And thereby hangs the Music of the Spheres,
 The Diapason closing full in Man,
 And other catchwords close akin to these
 And more obscure. Plump therefore for the lyre ;
 The lyre in elections always wins.'

Dear Mother Eton, hear me ere I die !
 He finished, and a voice in either ear
 Cried 'Phœbus ! Phœbus !' but I did not hear,
 Or hearing heard not, or unhearing heard.

Dear Mother, hear me yet before I die !
 Then stepp'd Hephæstus from the flowering brake,
 Much limping on his crutches, slow of foot,
 And round his manly breast and brawny arms,
 Uncleanly hands and tangled mass of hair,
 In dancing symphonies of red and green
 The limelight was directed, as he moved.
 Then thus he spoke and triumph'd in his speech :
 'I am the Labour Party, vote for me !'

Dear Mother, hear me yet before I die !
 For ere the traveller upon India's strand
 Going to meet an argosy of ships
 With rich and curious bales of merchandise,
 And greet the long-expected friend from home
 That comes from thence to stay with him, has time
 To think or say : 'This is Jack Robinson,'

I gave the bun to toiling handicraft.
Those other twain went skyward, and he too
Went far away, as would that he might go,
Dear Mother Eton, far away from thee!
But from that time I am a carpenter,
And I shall carpenter until I leave.

R. A. K

*GENERAL ROMER YOUNGHUSBAND
AND SCINDE.*

THE death, last December, of General Romer Younghusband removes one of the last survivors of the first Afghan war of 1840-42 and of Sir Charles Napier's Scinde campaign of 1843, and while reviewing his life the opportunity may fitly be taken to glance back at the Indian frontier problem as it stood in those long passed days, for my uncle and my father, who likewise was present in both campaigns, and still survives, were engaged in the same great struggle to which we Anglo-Indians of the present day are devoting so much of our energies. It was to strengthen India against Russia that my uncle and father fought over sixty years ago, and it is on the same work that their sons are still engaged.

General Romer Younghusband was born in 1819. He came of a Northumbrian family who had been settled in the neighbourhood of Bamburgh for many centuries, and who, braced by the North Sea air, were remarkable for their longevity. A tombstone in Bamburgh churchyard testifies to his great-great-grand ather having lived to the age of 103. The later generations went bodily into the naval and military forces of the Crown. His grandfather was a captain in the royal navy. Of the next generation the only two sons went, the one into the navy, and the other (the father of General Romer Younghusband) into the Royal Artillery; and of the next generation all five sons entered the army—two to be killed in action, one, Edward, at the siege of Multan in 1848, and the other, George, in the Indian Mutiny; while the remaining three all became general officers.

It had been Romer Younghusband's wish to enter the navy, but his uncle, John Romer, when acting as Governor of Bombay, had been able to secure for him a commission in the East India Company's service, and though he used in his latter days to recall the pang it was to him to go into what then seemed the terrible exile of Indian service, he accepted the nomination rather than be a further burden on his parents. His commission in the Company's service was dated December 1837. Passage to India was in those days a very different thing from what it is now, when the

journey from London to Bombay can be made in a fortnight. My uncle, who was the sole passenger on board the sailing-ship on which he left Liverpool, did not reach Bombay for four months, and never sighted land from the time he left till the time he arrived.

India was just then stirring with a fresh 'Russian scare.' During the Napoleonic wars the Government of India had expected a French or a Russian, or a Franco-Russian, invasion of India, for the idea had certainly been entertained by no less a military authority than Napoleon; and but for the destruction of the French fleet by Nelson at the battle of the Nile it might have been put into execution. It was to guard against such a military invasion that the Indian Government had sent expeditions to Egypt and costly missions to Persia at the beginning of last century. In 1839, however, the fear of an actual military invasion by Russia was not so great. She had no Napoleon, and Sir William Napier, the talented historian of the Peninsular war, writing at this time, said :

The profound falsehood of her government—her barbarous corruption—her artificial pretensions—the eye-glitter of her regular armies, shining only from the putrescence of national feeling, would lead to the negative [in answer to the question whether she is to be feared]. Her surprising progress in acquisition of territory within the last hundred years would lead to the affirmative. If we believe those writers who have described the ramifications of the one huge falsehood of pretension which, they say, pervades Russia, her barbarity, using the word in its full signification, will appear more terrible than her strength. Nor can I question their accuracy, having, in 1815, when the reputation of the Russian troops was highest, detected the same falsehood of display without real strength.

A direct military invasion of India was then not feared; but what did cause anxiety was the steady political encroachment—natural and unavoidable though it might have been—of Russia towards India. As Sir William Napier was careful to add, 'some innate expanding and dangerous strength must belong to a nation which, during long contests with the most warlike people of Continental Europe, led by Frederick and Napoleon, has steadily advanced by arms and by policy, appropriating whole countries to herself.' And this dangerous strength, the great soldier-historian thought, would not be diminished by a revolution. 'The chances of revolution have been spoken of,' he says, 'as the remedy for the Muscovite power; but who can predict that revolution will

not augment rather than diminish her warlike strength and ambition ? Her policy is national, and it threatens freedom.'

We may well believe Russians when they say that they did not inaugurate a policy of expansion over Siberia and Central Asia with the express purpose of striking at India. They were undoubtedly drawn on by natural causes, just as we had been in India. A great Power in a plain cannot keep still alongside of small barbarian States. It is hard enough to avoid absorbing them even when they are safely stowed away in mountains. It was natural enough, therefore, that Russian power should expand over Siberia down to Central Asia. But it was none the less dangerous to India, because it was only natural, and the Russians were quick enough to see the advantage it gave them. 'The benefit we have gained,' says a Russian writer, Terentyeff, 'consists in the fact that from our present position our power of threatening British India has become real and ceased to be visionary. In this respect our Central Asian possessions serve only as an *étape* on the road to further advance, and as a halting-place where we can rest and gather fresh strength.'

Lord Auckland was fully justified, then, in believing that a danger from Russian encroachment did exist, and he determined resolutely to meet the danger, though the Indian frontier was then at the Sutlej, far behind even the Indus ; though the Punjab, Scinde, and Baluchistan, now British provinces, were then all three independent States, and even at Delhi there was still a Mohammedan king, the last representative of the old Mogul emperors ; and though, on the other side, the Russian frontier was hundreds of miles further back than it is now, and Khiva, Tashkent, and Samarkand were still [wholly independent of the Russians, and the Caucasus and Turcomania had not yet been conquered. The whole of the Punjab, Afghanistan, Bokhara, and Khiva separated the British on the Sutlej from the Russians in Western Siberia, yet the British in India felt the warning instinct of self-preservation urging them to take measures betimes for the protection of India.

And the measures which Lord Auckland took had as their aim precisely the same object as the British Governments of the present day have in dealing with the self-same problem that still confronts us. Lord Auckland's object, like Lord Ripon's, Lord Dufferin's, Lord Lansdowne's, Lord Elgin's, and Lord Curzon's, was to establish a strong united Afghanistan under its own ruler

as a bar to the further territorial encroachment of the Russians towards India. Russia had Cossack 'deserters' helping the Persians to attack Herat; and she had an agent in Kabul itself. Even though the independent Punjab, Scinde, and Baluchistan still lay between the then Indian frontier and Afghanistan, we felt that, at every cost, we must exclude Russian influence from that country. It might have been wiser—rather than march an army through all these hundreds of miles of independent country in order to set up a puppet king of our own at Kabul—to have met Russian diplomatic activity by counter diplomatic energy, by sending missions to gauge accurately the existing conditions, and to seek in the first place to enlist the goodwill of the Afghans, and appeal—if, indeed, any appeal would have been necessary—to their instinct of self-preservation to hold their country inviolate from Russian encroachment. But Lord Auckland was so impressed with the danger which threatened India that he was convinced that nothing less than an army could effect his object. A great force was therefore assembled to march—not by the direct route through the Punjab, for that its ruler forbade, but by the circuitous route by Scinde, Quetta, and Kandahar to Kabul to place our nominee Shah Shuja on the throne of Afghanistan and banish all Russian influence.

That a governor-general of that time should have conceived it expedient to send a large force so many hundreds of miles outside our frontier must at least betoken the vividness and reality with which he conceived the danger to India. Even now, with our frontier touching Afghanistan, with communications to the frontier so perfect, with our army highly organised, with our finances in good order, and with England brought so much nearer by steam navigation and telegram, we think very profoundly before we send an army to Kabul. But in 1839 we were in no such favourable position. The finances of India were embarrassed, and, what was worse, the public service still bore the taint of the early trading days of the East India Company, when its servants were miserably paid, and had to make what they could from trade and other sources. A governor of Bombay had to leave within forty-eight hours on account of monetary entanglements he had got into with the natives. Among the civil and political officers were a few very able men, but there were also a number of men whose heads had been turned by the powers they possessed, and through living remote from that bracing stimulus of contact with

their fellow-countrymen which all who live long among Asiatics and in an enervating climate so greatly need. A contemporary writes of them as 'greedy of gain, gorged with insolence, disdain work, and thinking of turning the resources of the State to their sordid profit.' It is not pleasant to recall sentiments like this; but we are so prone to think only of the great men of the past, and only of the great men in their greatest moments, that we are apt to forget that besides giants there were also pigmies. And in contrasting India of that time with India of the present we shall probably find that there were then both better and worse men than in these days of more respectable mediocrity. Nowadays the Anglo-Indian services furnish neither extraordinarily brilliant nor excessively corrupt and incompetent men. Sixty years ago they contained both the one and the other. The conditions of those days intensified both the good and the bad in men's character. If a man had a balance of good in him, that good was forced out, and the result was an Outram or a Lawrence, an Edwardes or a Nicholson. If the balance of his tendencies was towards the bad, he went to the devil quickly and decisively.

In the Indian army it was the same. There were found both magnificent spirit and what in these days of efficiency would be considered inconceivable slackness and unfitness. Contemporary writers speak of Sir Charles Napier's activity in taking his troops from the levelled parade-grounds to exercise in the hills around Poona as something almost revolutionary. The transport arrangements of the army were 'supremely absurd' even in the eyes of a contemporary military critic. 'Every soldier was ordered to have a large box in addition to the usual baggage of an Indian army. The 22nd Regiment, acting under this preposterous regulation, marched for Scinde with thirteen hundred boxes! A camel can carry only four, hence three hundred camels.' A subaltern officer would have three camels for his baggage, whereas nowadays he is lucky if he gets a third of one! Nor had we that superiority in armament over the surrounding races which we now possess. There was, indeed, a very prevalent belief among our Sepoys that the Afghan matchlock was superior to our 'Brown Bess' musket, and I have read of a competition seriously undertaken for two months to prove that it was not, with the triumphant result that 'while the matchlock could only be fired five or six times in half an hour, the musketeer could fire sixty shots and send twenty home to the mark at one hundred and fifty yards'—the extreme

limit of range at which, my father tells me, musketry practice was carried on in those days.

To send an army thus feebly armed, thus weighed down with baggage, hundreds of miles beyond our frontier in days when our rule in India was hardly yet consolidated, when communications by which reinforcements from the interior of India or from home were still most imperfect, if it was not an act of prudence, at any rate showed spirit, and was sufficiently indicative of the anxiety with which the Government of India viewed the continued advance of Russia towards their borders.

The army which was sent to Afghanistan to put on the throne of Kabul our nominee, Shah Shuja, consisted of 9,500 British and native troops in the Bengal column, and 5,600 men in the Bombay column. The two joined at Shikarpur, in Scinde, and marched through the Bolan Pass to Quetta and Kandahar, and with the Bombay column marched both Lieutenant Romer Younghusband and his brother John.

The story of this first Afghan war, of the apparent success at first, of the murder of the envoy, of the destruction of that portion of the supporting army which went to Kabul, and of the subsequent victories of the avenging army, is too well known to need recapitulation here. But the story of the subsequent Scinde campaign of 1843, in which both the brothers were engaged, and in which Romer Younghusband served as brigade-major to his kinsman, Sir Charles Napier, is not so well remembered; and as it formed an integral part of the same great effort to secure the frontiers of India against Russian encroachment, and the most successfully executed part of that effort, the main features of Sir Charles Napier's remarkable exploit deserve to be recalled to notice.

Scinde is a country mostly desert, lying along the lower Indus river valley. At the time our armies marched through it to Afghanistan it was independent, and when disaster befell our arms in Afghanistan it was only natural that thoughts of attacking our retiring troops should enter the heads of the inhabitants, and that we should be hyper-sensitive upon any points that reflected upon our prestige. The chiefs and tribesmen undoubtedly had designs to attack us, and were collecting for the purpose, so Sir Charles Napier boldly decided to march from Sukkur to the capital, Hyderabad, to make a settlement there.

The audacity of the move will be realised when we take account of the general position in India at the end of 1842. Lord

Auckland, though right on the main principle of ousting Russian influence from Afghanistan, had been wrong in the methods he had adopted for that purpose, and India was now suffering in consequence. Our prestige was seriously weakened by the disasters in Afghanistan. Our troops had yet to return through the independent and half-hostile Punjab. Throughout India a fear of Afghan invasion was evident. In Madras several regiments were on the verge of mutiny; and the situation was generally so serious that if any second disaster had befallen Sir Charles Napier's army such as overcame our army at Kabul our hold over India would have been grievously shaken.

Yet Sir Charles Napier did not assume the defensive rôle which common-sense prudence would have dictated. The total number of troops under his command, both immediately with him at Sukkur and Shikarpur, and also in Southern Scinde at Karachi, did not exceed 8,000 (of whom not a quarter were British), while the Amirs of Scinde had 70,000 men at their call, and knew that Afghans and Baluchis, Sikhs and Multanis, would all join in if the British force received a single check. With such odds against him any man of ordinary practical common sense would have crept back to India as cautiously and unobtrusively as he could well manage, and would, above all things, have avoided a conflict. But Sir Charles Napier was not a merely practical man. He had more than common sense; he had genius. When he found the Amirs of Scinde were gathering forces against him, he did not await attack; he marched straight at them. His first move the Duke of Wellington described in the House of Lords as one of the most curious military feats he had ever known performed. It was an eight days' march into the heart of the desert to attack an enemy four times his number and occupying a fortified town. He started on January 5, 1843, from Roree, near Sukkur, with 200 irregular cavalry, 350 of the 22nd Regiment mounted on camels, two howitzers, ten camels loaded with provisions and eighty loaded with water. He had no guides he could really depend on, and he could not be sure of finding either water or forage. On the second day out, owing to the scarcity of these necessities, he had to send back three-quarters of his cavalry. But he pushed on with the remainder, and his boldness of action was so effective in impressing the Oriental mind that when on the eighth day he reached Emaum Ghur the enemy fled.

Sir Charles Napier returned thence to the main body of his

troops, and with them marched down the valley of the Indus towards Hyderabad, the capital of Scinde. A dozen miles outside this town, at Miani, the Amirs had collected the bulk of their forces. Fifteen thousand of the enemy were there entrenched in a ravine, 20,000 were expected to join them, and another 20,000 were hanging about the British flanks and rear. Napier had only 2,400 men, not one-fifth of whom were British, and, be it again remembered, he had not that superiority of armament which a British force nowadays would have possessed. Should he proceed to attack the Amirs, or should he halt and await reinforcements? The thought does not appear to have entered his mind for a moment. He marched at midnight of February 17, reached the Miani entrenchments at 9 A.M., and forthwith hurled his devoted troops upon the enemy. In those days it was chiefly hard hammer-and-tongs, hand-to-hand, and man-to-man struggling. Success depended not merely upon skilful handling of the troops, but on inspiring leadership; and my uncle, who was Sir Charles Napier's brigade-major in the battle, has often told me how much the success which eventually crowned the day was due to the fiery vehemence of the British leader. The enemy at the time of battle numbered between 30,000 and 40,000 men, with 5,000 cavalry and fifteen guns, and in the midst of such a multitude the little British force might well have been swamped. There was, indeed, a time when they staggered and wavered; but the veteran of the Peninsular war, pouring forth, as I have been told, a violent torrent of abuse upon those who wavered, with an immense rage and impulse carried them forward, and personally led them on to final victory. The ferocity on both sides was terrible, and the slaughter appalling. Six thousand of the enemy fell, and of those most were killed, for no quarter was asked or given. But the result was striking, for most of the Amirs of Scinde submitted, and two days later the capital was occupied by the British.

And once the fighting was over the British general showed every consideration for the vanquished. Life and property and the sanctity of the women's quarters were most carefully protected from violence by his conquering troops. He also made special efforts to secure the goodwill and confidence of the peasantry. But he had still dangers before him. There was still fear he might be 'Kabul-ed,' as the expression went in those days, fear lest he might be swamped in the capital of Scinde as a British force had been immersed in the seething sea of fanaticism in the Afghan

capital. The enemy gathered round him, and when they had gained sufficient strength attacked his line of communications. He had seen the storm coming, but awaited reinforcements before dealing his blow, and when, on March 23, these had arrived he determined the very next day to attack the enemy. It is strange to hear, though, in these days of feverish 'training,' that the army with which Sir Charles Napier on the following morning fought one of the stiffest and most successful battles in Indian history was so little trained that on the evening before the fight he had to parade his force to teach them a few simple manœuvres. His brigades were commanded by majors, and his regiments by captains, and on his staff there was scarcely a man over twenty-three years of age, Romer Younghusband, his brigade-major, being not yet twenty-four.

With 5,000 men, of whom 1,100 were cavalry, and with seventeen guns, Sir Charles Napier marched out from his camp at Hyderabad to attack 25,000 of the enemy twelve miles distant, entrenched in a strong position. As he deployed his force it was seen that the enemy's line overlapped his own by half a mile, while the masses of the enemy's cavalry in reserve threatened his flanks. But here, as at Miani, he feared to give his men time for reflection, lest the comparison of the two forces should bring doubts to their minds. He kindled in them the intensest military enthusiasm, directing his infantry straight at the enemy's line, while his cavalry charged their flank. He led the charge in person. With his own shrill voice he urged his troops on. They fell headlong upon the Baluchi swordsmen. Bayonet clashed with sword; a desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and the enemy were hurled from their entrenchments. Then the general himself led his cavalry in pursuit and completed the enemy's rout. And so important did he know it to be to break up their forces completely that, though with the temperature at 110° his troops had marched twelve miles and fought a desperate battle, he pushed on again the next and following days, occupied without resistance an entrenched position and fortified town the enemy had intended to fall back on, and even advanced 100 miles into the desert, and ten days after the battle occupied their last stronghold.

During the ensuing hot weather, when the thermometer stood at 130° in the tents, and the heat was so terrible that in one day thirty-three European soldiers died from its effects, Napier had still to conduct minor military operations in finally pacifying the

country which Lord Ellenborough had decided to annex. But in the end he was able to say: 'We have taught the Baluch that neither his sun, nor his desert, nor his jungles, nor his nullahs can stop us, and he will never face us more.'

By the annexation of Scinde we greatly strengthened our western frontier, and we acquired the port of Karachi, the value of which, both strategically and commercially, is now slowly being recognised. Lieutenant Romer Younghusband, who on attaining the rank of captain was also promoted to a brevet majority for his services in this campaign, remained in Scinde for many years. He was to his dying day filled with an ardent devotion to his fiery old chief, who specially acknowledged his services as a staff-officer, and earned his particular gratitude by securing for him a cadetship for his brother, George Younghusband, who was subsequently killed in the Mutiny in the same charge and under the same conditions as earned for Sir Dighton Probyn and Sir John Watson the Victoria Cross.

Scinde is now a peaceful province, increasing in prosperity with every year, and, by a curious coincidence, is ruled over by Romer Younghusband's eldest son. On the only occasion on which I have myself visited it I had the good fortune to see the last surviving Amir of Sir Charles Napier's day. He was full of years and of honours, though my father tells me that in his time he had offered him £20,000 merely to allow a certain document to be stolen from his office.

In 1856 the Government of India were confronted with a fresh development of the same old problem of the protection of the borderlands of India from Russian political encroachment. Emboldened by a belief in Russian support, the Persians had, contrary to their engagements with us, moved to the attack of Herat; and to counteract this movement an expeditionary force was sent from India to attack the Persians in Southern Persia. With this expedition, which was commanded by Sir James Outram, 'the Bayard of India,' Lieutenant-Colonel Romer Younghusband served as assistant-adjutant-general. Bushire was captured, a severe action was fought at Kushab, and the object of the expedition having been attained by the withdrawal of the Persians from the direction of Herat, the British force returned to India in May 1857.

The great Indian Mutiny was just breaking into flame, but in Scinde, to which district Colonel Younghusband returned, there was no outbreak. In 1861 he was awarded the Companionship of

the Bath for his services in the Persian campaign, and he was appointed to the command of the Nasirabad Brigade in Rajputana, which he held for the next five years. Years of peace followed, and he saw no more active service. He devoted his remaining years to the education of his sons—four of whom he placed in the civil and military services in India, and two in the Church—and to the support of many charitable works. He was the embodiment of military discipline of a well-nigh bygone type, exceedingly strict and rigid, though he was just as diligent in procuring for those under him what was due *to* them as he was thorough in exacting what was due *from* them. Withal he preserved a fine spirit to the very end. When, some years ago, the doctor told him he had not many months to live, he dismissed him for talking rubbish. A few days later he was walking about his room; a little later again, he was out of doors. He attended both morning and evening services on Sundays with unfailing regularity up to within a fortnight of his death, and he was always—even to within a day previous to his death—down exactly at 8.30 for morning prayers before breakfast.

No one could be brought in contact with him without feeling that in him was that spirit upon which the building up and preservation of our Indian Empire, above everything else, depended, and which it is our business in the present day to carry on with undiminished fervency and strength.

By *Francis Younghusband*

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. DEAN LATHAM.

III.

'THE Imperial United Kingdom Stores are a knockout at that business,' said Mr. Cox, thoughtfully; and Albert tried to look as if he quite followed the argument. Jessie comprehended more of the meaning, for she had had experience of the business; but her attention was more devoted to defending her lover's purse from her father's easily aroused business instincts than to an æsthetic contemplation of the seamy side of the auctioneering trade. Indeed, she was wisely bending her mind upon the ultimate application of her parent's observations rather than upon their immediate bearings.

'A knockout they are,' repeated Mr. Cox. 'There was a pair of combatteers, marble stands an' bronze figgers, an' there was sixty of 'em shared six bob apiece in the knockout. Why, there was an 'undred an' twenty pound paid for 'em at the finish, an' they was no bigger than you could put in yer pockets. I wasn't taking any myself—not me, when I saw 'oo was bidding. I let 'em bid till they was done, an' then I done my little bit while they was talking about it at the public-'ouse. That's 'ow I got that carpet I jest sold you; got it dirt cheap, I did. The missus cut off the stained bit, an' fixed the border on agin, an' there it was as good as new. But the toffs don't think of that. They look at the 'ole in the corner, an' off they goes an' gits a new carpet; an' I makes fifty per cent. out of a blooming mug,' he added incautiously.

'Seems to me,' said Albert, 'as I might do a bit better by going to an auction myself, 'stead of giving you a profit.'

'You wouldn't do it twice, not you,' retorted Mr. Cox, with a grin.

'Why not?' asked Albert.

'Cause they'd see you coming, my lad, that's why not. You? What chance 'ld you 'ave with the Sheenies? Now, I was at a sale at some flats a week or two back. 'Spose the lady 'ad quarrelled with 'er bloke or something. Any'ow, the rent weren't paid, an' she was sold up. It weren't much of a sale, but there was one or two things I wanted. I'd been put in possession, see? an' that

was 'ow I knew. There wasn't much in the place as I 'adn't priced up. Well, I says to 'er, I says, "If there's anything you wants bought in, mum, you tell me, an' I'll get it for you cheap; an' you gives me my ten per cent." But she wouldn't; not 'er. She 'ld do it 'erself, she would; an' so she did.'

'Well,' said Albert, 'what 'appened?'

'What 'appened? Prices 'appened. Every time she made a bid I jest nodded to the auctioneer an' run 'er up. 'Course she didn't know as I was bidding—'twasn't likely. I don't shout "ten bob more" when I go buying; I buys on the quiet. But some'ow I don't reckon as she'll refuse a good offer from them as knows next time. An' that's what they'd do with you. S'pose, now, it was an eight-day clock, marble outside an' sawdust inside for all you know, with chimes an' all complete, an' no guarantee, same as I could buy for fifteen-and-a-tanner any Sunday morning, an' dear at the price, you'd think it dirt cheap at thirty bob, an' you'd get a bit excited, an' they'd run you up sky 'igh.'

'An' why don't they run you up sky 'igh?' said Albert.

'They tried it once,' said Mr. Cox confidentially, 'but never no more. It was when the Dukeries 'Otel was pulled down, an' there was a walnut cupboard as suited me down to the ground. I knew its value to 'alf a farden, an' Ike Solomons an' 'is little lot run me up to the full value, an' done me out of a pretty sale I 'ad ready eye'd for it. I didn't say nothing; I jest waited till a marble top chiffoneer come up. Then I bid a bit eager like, and Ike, 'oo was new to the game, thought 'e'd 'ave me agin. It might 'ave been worth two guineas, an' I run 'im up to five, an' then I got out of it an' left 'im. They ain't tried it on since then. Look 'ere, now,' he added, with a sudden guilelessness that brought Jessie to instant attention. 'Ow's these watches—gold, mind you—at ten-an'-six? Got 'em last night at the bankruptcy sale up the road. They'd jest do the bridesmaids all right.'

'Ere,' said Jessie, interposing, 'let me look at 'em.'

Mr. Cox shrugged his shoulders. 'Oh, they're all right. Worth fifteen bob any day. If it was anybody but Bert I wouldn't let 'em go under a quid apiece.'

'Albert ain't got too many quids, nor 'alf quids, neither,' retorted Jessie. 'Let 'im get the furniture first, before 'e buys things like that.'

To furniture they turned their minds accordingly. It was one of several similar occasions, for the wedding day was rapidly

approaching. Only the previous Sunday the vicar had been disturbed by a smothered guffaw as he read the words, 'For the first time of asking.' Jessie had gone to hear the banns read, for luck; and Albert had gone, too, unknown to her, and their eyes had met unexpectedly at the critical moment. A little flat, with a certain number of modern conveniences and a great many modern small dimensions, had been secured in a new block of buildings; and, in the guise of furnishing, a Homeric duel between Mr. Cox and his daughter was proceeding over the pocket of Albert.

Daily the three turned their steps to the storerooms of some large second-hand dealers for whom Mr. Cox was an agent; and there, in the dusty, ill-lighted warehouse, amidst ghostly piles of tables and chairs, romance materialised into chattels.

It is to be supposed, as a working hypothesis, that Mr. Cox kept his conscience divided into watertight compartments. As a man of business, he knew what was due to the trade and to himself; as a father, he knew what was due to his daughter. So he made the best bargains out of his future son-in-law that his daughter's vigilance would allow, he handed the whole of his profits and commissions to Jessie on her wedding-day, and he took care that Albert should buy only durable stuff, and buy it at top price.

'It ain't no manner of good for you to go 'ire-systeming to them sort of people,' he said, in response to Albert's hints, as they passed a flashy looking upholsterer's which advertised miraculous bargains. 'All the veneer 'ld be swep' into the dust-bin an' all the glue'd be unstuck afore you'd paid the third instalment. They looks all right at the start, same as the three-pun'-ten bikes do, an' they last jest about as long. What you want is something as you can sit down in when you come 'ome from work without breaking your neck. I don't want you telling Jess as you're off to the public-'ouse to find a seat with springs in it. Now, 'ere's a chair,' he added, entering the warehouse and going to a particularly musty corner, 'a chair as 'as got some wear in it. Well seasoned that is, an' fit for a dook to smoke a pipe in over 'is fire; an' that's leather on it, none of your cheap American cloth as splits in the sun, but good honest leather as 'll last a lifetime. You feel that, Jess; you knows a bit of leather when you feels it, you do.' And so the armchair came into the family.

Then came the wedding. It was on Easter Day, and the day, as so often happens on Easter Day, was gloriously fine.

Quite early in the morning, at the six o'clock service, Albert and Jessie had already met. It was her thought, for it was long since Albert had been confirmed in his choir-boy days, and almost as long since he had knelt at the altar ; but Jessie had appealed to him to come, and he had given way to her. So they had already knelt side by side once that day, and the pure memory of it was a sheet-anchor in the days to come.

At nine o'clock the bridal party arrived, and, in company with several other bridal parties, disturbed the devotions of a large congregation, which had not yet dispersed. But the Blessing was pronounced, the people disappeared, and the old clerk marshalled the inextricably mixed brides, bridegrooms, and supporters at the chancel steps. For a moment it seemed as if Jessie would be married to her father and Albert tied for life to an elderly lady who was embarking upon her third experiment in matrimony ; for the curate was approaching, book in hand and resplendent in a new surplice, and the ten bridegrooms were but half-conscious of their acts. But the clerk was a man of many summers, who so disentangled the pairs that, without knowing clearly how, they stood in proper order, party behind party, far down the long aisle.

There was no sweet-voiced choir to render specially composed anthems ; there were no lady reporters to make history out of the clergyman's remarks and the bridesmaids' dresses ; but the church was bright and scented with the Easter flowers. And Mr. Cox was there, expansively conscious of his waistcoat and watch-chain ; and Mrs. Cox was there, absorbing everything with twinkling black eyes ; and Mrs. Hawkins was there, happy and motherly in a renovated bonnet which had once adorned the West End and a lady of title ; and Mr. Hawkins was there, with his fiery red moustache and grizzled hair, looking vastly too big for the place and for his new clothes. And somehow Albert and Jessie were at the head of all the couples, and felt that the service was their very own.

'Albert, wilt thou have this woman—— ?'

'Yus,' said Albert gruffly, startled to find that he was called upon to speak. But the ceremony proceeded smoothly, in spite of the tittering of ten sets of bridesmaids, and in spite of the resounding kiss which one new-made husband bestowed by way of Amen upon his bride ; and presently the vestry was crammed with husbands, wives, and witnesses.

'Sign 'ere, please,' said the old clerk, who felt increasingly as

the years went on that the clergy were incapable of performing the simplest acts without his assistance. 'Your maiden name, mum, for the last time. You won't use it no more. When you draws your 'ouse'old cheques you must use your wedded name. 'Ere are the lines, and the fees are seven-an'-six, and a penny for the stamp. Thank you, sir, and wishing you may be 'appy and comfortable.'

Jessie rearranged her hat after the much kissing, and left the vestry on her husband's arm; while the old clerk's voice was faintly heard in the distance: 'Sign 'ere, please; your maiden name for the last time.'

The day seemed to be spent for the most part in eating and drinking. Mr. Cox was a man of hospitable instincts, and was never happier than when he presided over a large and hungry party at his own house. The more tightly his kitchen was packed the better pleased was he. But on one point he was adamant. 'Drink?' he said sternly to an over-forward guest who had hinted on the subject; 'you can drink their 'ealth in lemonade, an' if that ain't good enough, there's plenty of places outside where you can get the other thing, but not in *my* 'ouse. I've seen enough of it. I've seen many an' many a pore gell 'ave 'er fust taste on 'er wedding-day, an' never leave it off till she laid in 'er coffin. I see my old father die in the work'us infirmary of delirium tremmings, an' I ain't touched a drop, nor I ain't allowed a drop in my 'ouse, from that day to this, nor I don't intend to neither.'

So the health was drunk in lemonade, and Albert failed dismally in attempting to respond, so that Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Cox responded simultaneously but independently for him.

The day wore away. Wedding-meals, wedding-jokes, and wedding-tears were ended, and Albert and Jessie were alone together, oddly shy, in their own little home. The full moon shone through the open window, even as the Paschal moon had shone into another upper chamber many, many years before. Albert felt a great peace and content swell in his heart as he lay back in the big armchair which had caused such heart-searchings in the buying; and Jessie snuggled on a low stool at his side, and proudly watched the smoke curling up from her husband's pipe. Their own home! The magic of it! But Albert's vocabulary was unequal to his sentiments. 'My word, Jessie,' he said, 'this is all right, ain't it?'

.

At breakfast next morning Albert said, ruefully : ' It can't be done, Jess.'

' What can't be done ? ' asked Jessie.

' Brighton,' said Albert ; ' it won't run to it.'

They had intended to spend a honeymoon Bank-holiday at the seaside for twelve hours before the work of the world began again on Easter Tuesday ; but Albert, like many a bridegroom before him, had had moments of painful awakening when he reckoned up his remaining change.

There was a little pause ; then Jessie said : ' Well, let's go to Bourneflow Downs. We can go all the way by tram for fivepence, get dinner and tea at the gardens, and 'ave a walk on the downs. That's a bit better than them excursions, when you don't get back, all 'ot and dirty, till two in the morning, and lose a quarter next day.' And Albert agreed cheerfully.

It so happened that the curate was taking the choir-boys to Bourneflow Downs that Easter Monday, and, from similar motives of economy, was also travelling by tram ; and, by one of the malicious coincidences in which Fate delights, the two parties travelled by the same tram. But Fate was disappointed in her intentions. Albert and Jessie were blissfully unconscious of any society other than their own, the curate had eyes and ears for nothing but the boys, and the choir was absolutely absorbed in the vagaries of a football, which kept falling from the tram upon the innocent heads below. Then there would be a splendid dash to regain the precious ball, a race after the electric car, and a gentle and joyous passage-at-arms with the conductor when it was caught. At such times the curate tried hard to look as if he were a solitary man, with no connection with other travellers. Once the ball landed in Albert's lap ; but he only remarked, ' 'Ere, cheese it,' and went on trifling with the pretty watch-chain which was his wedding-present to Jessie.

The downs were reached incredibly quickly, and the respective parties made their way to the tea-gardens.

These were quaint, very quaint. The proprietor knew his business, and catered with equal enterprise for the bodily, the sentimental, and the intellectual tastes of his guests. There were huge galvanized iron sheds—eyesores on the landscape—for monster Sunday-school treats ; there were secluded bowers where lovers could languish over tea and watercress ; there were swings and cocoanut shies ; there was an insanitary monkey-house ; there was

an aviary; there was an animal's cemetery. 'Here lies the body of Billy, the goat, of Brighton and Bourneflow Downs,' was recorded by one inscription. 'Beneath this here slab reposes the corpse of Bon, the collecting dog: his head are stuffed and in the glass case in the coffee bar,' was recorded by another; and, sure enough, with glassy eyes, guarding a box in aid of a local cottage hospital, the ill-preserved head of a retriever glared mournfully at successive generations of feasters. One mausoleum plunged into poetry:

When I did live a moke I was;
Now I have passed away because
My threescore years and ten was past,
And I am in the grave at last.
All my life long I done my best;
Now I lie here and am at rest.

Here lies your old favourite, Galihad. Died April 13, 1896.
Aged 15 years.

'Ain't it beautiful?' said Jessie, as they passed on their way to their dinner, carrying the one solitary cocoanut which Albert had secured out of seven shots for sixpence. The choir-boys had watched him critically; and Sammy Cox, who was a true chip of the old block, had informed his sister, discovered for the first time that day, that Albert would do better business by buying the nuts wholesale at three shillings a hundred. But human nature is stronger than business training, and Sammy squandered a shilling without securing any cocoanuts at all.

Fate is a persevering lady. Just as Albert and Jessie started slowly up the hill to the path that runs for miles along the top of the Downs, the curate finished collecting all that he could find of his choir—namely, that portion of it which had already spent the whole of its money, the rest being diligently engaged in swings and roundabouts—for a healthy afternoon's enjoyment out of the reach of the unwholesome charms of ice-cream. And so it came about that the choir and curate were playing a crazy, perambulating kind of football on one side of a line of thorn bushes while Albert and Jessie sauntered on the other; while the slow walk of the pair was just equal in pace to the much-interrupted progress of the footballers. But Fate was again disappointed. When the football came over the hedge, Albert returned it quite mechanically, and when a choir-boy came, screaming and scratched, through a gap in flight from an insulted friend, and both of them charged blindly into the bridegroom, there was no waste of time or words,

but the offender grabbed his far-flung cap and fled for safety to the shadow of the curate. Both parties were far too keenly occupied with their own happiness to take the slightest interest in anything or anybody else.

And so a large field was reached, which was evidently intended by nature for a proper game of football, and equally as a resting-place in the sun and out of the wind for happy lovers. There they sat side by side, looking at the starry blossom on the black-thorn standing out against a cloudless sky, while the shouts of boys and man came to them from the hot turmoil near by.

Then came a jarring note. A young man in gaiters came striding along by the hedge. 'Ere, get on out of it, you two,' he said roughly. 'Can't you find any better place to go trampling about in in your number fifteen beetle squashers than my young clover field? Strikes me you blooming 'oliday crowd think the place was made for you.'

'Keep yer 'air on,' retorted Albert, rising to go, with all a Londoner's inbred respect for authority and all his love of argument. 'Ow was I to know it was your field? And 'ow was I to know as it was clover? I don't see much clover about it.'

'Well, you can see this 'ere board a-staring you in the face, can't you? "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Get out of it, you and yer gal too.'

'You leave my young lady alone, will you?' said Albert, angrily; but the other had suddenly perceived the footballers, and was hurrying towards them.

There was a sharp argument, in which the farmer's objurgations, the curate's soft apologies, and Sammy Cox's impertinences blended harmoniously. Law and order won the day, and the farmer was left triumphant, while the footballers consoled themselves with the thought that it was nearly tea-time, that the ball was hopelessly deflated, and that they had already played themselves to a standstill. Indeed, the curate, as he shrugged his aching shoulders next morning, could have wished that the interruption had come sooner.

After tea Albert and Jessie went for a last walk on the heights, and watched the glory of the setting sun as he sank slowly behind the western hills. The wind struck cold; the downs were getting more crowded minute by minute; excited parties of boys and girls were playing noisy games; concertinas had sprung up from nowhere; raucous donkey-boys were earning the last coppers of

the day by dint of resounding thwacks on weary beasts ; a general air of sordidness and rowdiness was settling upon what had been beautiful and magical ; and the two suddenly thought with pleasure of their home.

Hand-in-hand they descended the hill and made their way to the trams. Patiently they waited their turn in the crowd which was already assembling at the terminus. Then they got their places in the front of one of the huge cars. The sparks from the overhead wires flashed out brighter than the twinkling stars above. Behind them hoarse choir-boys chattered incessantly at and round a weary curate, but they two sat silent, still, hand-in-hand. The world had vanished from their ken ; for all they knew they were alone. They had returned, as man and woman still return, and were wandering in the cool of the day in the Garden of Eden.

SOME FORGOTTEN ADMIRALS.

SOME time ago there appeared in a weekly paper an article entitled 'Our Neglected Admirals,' in which it was argued that Great Britain had treated with culpable neglect the splendid seamen to whom she is indebted for her very existence. The neglect was instanced in this ; that in Trafalgar Square (why have we abandoned the Byronic prosody ?

Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar)—

in that square, by whatsoever name we know it, Nelson's monument stands alone. There is no other sailor near him. Only two kings and three soldiers are there to bear the great Admiral company, whereas the place where he is might fitly be regarded as a naval Valhalla. It was suggested that the statues of ten other great admirals, the worthiest in our history, should be placed there to relieve Nelson's loneliness, and the names of ten candidates were proposed. Three of them might be ruled out at once. Walter Raleigh was a man of lofty ideals ; great as a statesman and explorer, perhaps greater still as a man of letters ; but he had little experience as a sea captain, and less reputation as an admiral. He was more soldier than sailor. At Cadiz, where he was rear-admiral under Essex and Howard of Effingham, he boasted that he had anchored his *Warspite* so far ahead of Sir Francis Vere's *Nonpareil* that he masked all but the bow guns of Vere's ship from a sight of the enemy ; which was good knight-errantry, but bad tactics. Anson sailed round the world and lost 80 per cent. of his men upon the voyage ; but his victory over De la Jonquière, though creditable, was scarcely wonderful, since he had the advantage of an overwhelming superiority of force. The Earl of Dundonald was unsurpassed as a frigate captain ; but his ungrateful country afforded him no opportunity of commanding a British fleet in action. His reputation as an admiral was won under an alien flag, and the 'Almirante Cochrane' belongs to the navy of Chili.

Drake, Blake, Albemarle, Russell, Hawke, Hood, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, and Duncan might take their places as of right. Is it to be inferred that when we had done them so much

reverence they would cease to be regarded as neglected admirals, and would be reckoned among the heroes who have served their country well and have been duly rewarded with the highest honour that it could bestow? There might be two opinions about that. But when all was done there would still remain unhonoured a great company of flag officers who were but a little less worthy. Sandwich and Rupert, the two Earls of Torrington, Boscawen and Barrington, Pocock and Hughes (without whom there would have been no Indian Empire), Saumarez, Cornwallis, Collingwood, Pellew; and behind them, again, would be the great multitude of forgotten admirals; men who held command in our fighting fleets and won their meed of renown, but whose names are nevertheless unknown to that great body of very worthy citizens to whom naval history suggests little more than a vague mental picture of

The British Fleet a-riding at anchor,
And Admiral Lord Nelson, K.C.B.

It would be impossible to accommodate them all in the historic Square. There would be no room left for political demonstrations. Could they all be gathered together the place that was honoured by the presence of their statues would be like the historical room at Madame Tussaud's. Every period would have its representative, every fashion of costume its example. There, too, would be exhibited the curious changes which the typical English countenance has undergone; changes so marked that the Elizabethan scarcely seems to belong to the same race as the Georgian, and there is no more apparent kinship between the men of Agincourt and their descendants of Marston Moor than with the pipeclay and powder of Fontenoy, or the whiskered heroes of Quatre-Bras.

Chain-mail hood and hauberk are strange gear for an English admiral, yet in this incongruous rig was our first great naval victory won. It was worn by Hubert de Burgh—Shakespeare's Hubert—

By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee!

So spake King John. But it was in 1217, when John, most astute and best abused of the Angevin kings, was lying dead at Newark, that Hubert's best work was done. After the King's death the barons who had revolted against him returned to their allegiance to the boy-king, Henry III. Without ceremony they turned against Prince Louis of France, whom they had summoned

to their aid, and defeated him at Lincoln : Robert de Courtenay collected an army to reinforce Louis, and embarked at Calais in a fleet of eighty ships under the command of Eustace the Monk, a renegade from the cloisters of St. Saumer, who had turned sea rover. Only a few years before he had been in the service of King John ; now his allegiance was sold to France, and his name was become a terror to the English coasts. Hubert de Burgh, Justiciary of England and Governor of Dover Castle, could only muster sixteen large ships belonging to the Cinque Ports fleet, and a score of smaller vessels ; but he bade the garrison, if things went ill with him, to suffer him to be hanged rather than surrender the castle. Then, having taken the sacrament, he put to sea to try conclusions with Eustace the Monk. The French fleet sailed from Calais with a fresh southerly wind, and steered to round the North Foreland. The little English fleet stood out from Dover close-hauled on the starboard tack, plunging into the short Channel seas as if they designed a counter-raid on Calais. The monk misunderstood their tactics, as he was meant to do. ' I know those thieves think to attack Calais,' said he, ' but it is too well defended for them ; ' and so with disdain he held his course. The English ships were not very weatherly. Short and broad, with high-built fore-castles and after-castles, their one mast stepped amidships (it is unlikely that any English ship of that time carried two masts), they were not built to sail near the wind ; but they stood on till they crossed the wake of the French fleet and gained the windward position they desired. Then by some preconcerted signal they bore up together and ran down, in rough ' line abreast,' upon the unprotected sterns of the slower French ships. As they closed with them the archers under Sir Philip d'Albini poured in a storm of arrows. Bags of unslaked lime were emptied from the tops, to be carried by the wind into the Frenchmen's eyes, and as the heavy ships surged forward upon the following sea the iron beaks upon their prows pierced and tore the French hulls, and many were sunk at the first onset. Then they grappled and fought hand to hand, cutting the halliards so that yards and sails came down with a run and trapped the Frenchmen like birds under a net. Fierce and great was the slaughter, many were the vessels stove in and sunk as they rolled and beat against one another. The great fleet of Eustace the Monk was broken and dispersed ; only fifteen of his ships were able to make their escape. The rest went down in the grey sea off the Foreland or were towed in triumph

to Dover. Many prisoners were taken, of such as were able to pay ransom; but Eustace the Monk was beheaded on his own deck. His fate is duly recorded in the romance of which he is the hero:

Wistasces li moigne occis ;
Il i ot la teste colpee.

That was the first of the British naval victories. Of all those which followed it none was more complete, and only a very few displayed as much tactical excellence.

Gervays Alard of Winchelsea was the first to bear a regular commission as admiral. It was signed by Edward I. in February 1303, though Alard had held the title and executed the duties three years before. He set no very worthy example to those who followed him. Like most of the seamen of his time he was more pirate than anything else. Even ashore the strong hand made a law of its own; on the sea, where there was neither constable nor bailiff, reeve nor justice, men did as they were able, and so did Gervays Alard. As admiral of the Cinque Ports fleet he divided his attention with philosophic indifference between the regular French wars and the irregular but long-standing feud which existed between the Cinque Ports and the men of Yarmouth and the East Coast. In 1314 John Perbroun of Yarmouth, 'Admiral of the King's Fleets north of the Thames,' sent his ship the *Paternoster* on a voyage to Bordeaux. On her homeward passage she was brought to and rummaged by Peter Bert of Sandwich, Gervays Alard of Winchelsea, and Robert Cleves of Greenwich, who helped themselves to sundry tuns and pipes of wine.

In the half-ruined choir, which is all that remains of Winchelsea Church, that predatory Gervays and his near relation, Stephen Alard, who was admiral of the Cinque Ports fleet in 1324, mail-clad warriors both, lie cross-legged, each upon his sculptured tomb; shriven and assolizied, let us hope, of all their piracies. After all, the sins of which they were guilty were common to most men of their day and profession. They were not the only thieves among the Cinque Ports men; for, in 1322, two merchants of Sherborne, in Dorset, complained that a ship laden with their goods had been plundered to the value of £80 sterling by Robert de Battayle, admiral of the same piratical fleet.

The hauberk had given place to plate armour, and nothing was left of the hood but the camail, or chain curtain dependent from the bascinet, when Edward III. destroyed the French fleet at

Sluys. Save Richard Cœur-de-Lion no other English king since the Conquest had commanded his own fleet in a naval battle. Edward asserted his claim to the throne of France in 1340, and with the sympathy and assistance of his whole kingdom made ready a force to support it. Two hundred of the largest ships in England sailed with him from the Orwell and were joined off the coast of Flanders by fifty more from the northern ports under Sir Robert Morley. Philip VI. had gathered all the power of France at Sluys to oppose his landing, and 190 ships, galleys, and great barges, manned by 35,000 men, were anchored in the mouth of the river of Sluys, to the north of Blankenbergh. They lay in four divisions, line abreast; and each ship was chained to her neighbour. Against the usual bow-to-bow attack such a formation was almost impregnable, but the flowing tide left room for Sir Robert Morley to turn the flank of the van division and roll it up from end to end. All day the great battle went on. It is declared in 'Hemingford's Chronicle' that four hundred Frenchmen died on the deck of one well-defended ship. With the ebbing tide Barbenoire, the Genoese captain, escaped from the death-trap with his division of sixty ships; the rest were all taken or destroyed. Froissart described it as the most bloody and desperate sea fight that had ever been heard of. 'Très cher filz,' wrote Edward to his son the Black Prince, then ten years old, 'nous pensons bien que vous estes desirous assavoir bones nouvelles de nous, et coment i nous est avenuz puis notre aler d'Engleterre.' Of 35,000 Frenchmen it was thought that not more than 5,000 had escaped, and the remainder 'lie dead in many places on the coast of Flanders.' That battle of Sluys was Edward's naval masterpiece. Compared with that well-fought victory his second battle, 'Les Espagnols-sur-Mer,' won in 1350 within sight of Winchelsea, was no more than a confused *mêlée*, a tilt of ship against ship.

John Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V., was not yet twenty when he was placed in chief command of the expedition of 1416 for the relief of Harfleur, then besieged by the Count of Armagnac; the necessary experience was supplied by Sir Walter Hungerford, Admiral of the Fleet. Monstrelet probably exaggerates when he estimates the number of the English ships at 300. A French fleet under Robinet de Bracquemont, Admiral of France, and the Bastard of Bourbon, was cruising to intercept the relieving force, which anchored in the mouth of the Seine on the night of August 14. Small rowing craft were sent out as scouts, and brought information

that the French fleet was approaching. The English fleet got under way in the morning, and soon afterwards came in sight of the enemy. Towering among them were eight great carracks of Genoa, higher built than all the rest. At nine o'clock the fleets closed and began the action after the old fashion by ramming one another. Then they grappled and tried to board; the carracks were so lofty that the men upon their decks were beyond the reach of pike or lance, but the scrambling boarders scaled their lofty sides, and one after another was taken. There is no doubt that cannon or bombards were mounted on many ships of the time, but they were held in so little esteem that the chroniclers disdain to mention them. By three in the afternoon the French were defeated and sought shelter among the sands of Honfleur. The *Mountnègre*, the largest of the carracks, struck on the shoals and broke up, but three carracks, a 'hulk,' and four 'balingers,' or small galleys, were taken; 1,500 Frenchmen were killed with their admiral, and 400 prisoners were taken, the Bastard of Bourbon among them. The chroniclers are all more or less untrustworthy, but the action is described by Monstrelet and St. Remy, Elmham, Otterbourne, and others.

Another, and a greater iron-clad admiral—in full plate-armour with gorget, visor, and mentonnière all complete—was Lord Edward Howard, son of that Earl of Surrey who afterwards became the second Duke of Norfolk. Lord Edward might almost be described as the founder of that great naval dynasty of Howards of whom no less than four held office as Lord High Admiral during the sixteenth century; the century which saw England attain to its rightful place as a naval power. Lord Edward first saw service at sea in 1492 under Sir Edward Poynings in an expedition against Philip von Kleve-Ravenstein, a noted German pirate who had established his headquarters at Sluys. Nineteen years later, in 1511, complaint was made to King Henry VIII. by a number of English merchants who had suffered by the depredations of Sir Andrew Barton, a Scottish privateer who was plundering traders of all nations. From Dover to Berwick he had made the German Ocean dangerous to every ship that carried anything worth taking. Barton's father had been slain and his ship taken by Portuguese corsairs; the Scottish King, having no power to obtain redress, granted him letters of marque and reprisal against all ships of Portugal, to the end that he might redress his own wrongs. Barton found the business so safe and profitable that he extended his

operations, and preyed on all nations alike, under the pretence that they had Portuguese goods on board. The English, who owned most of the trade, suffered most of the losses.

Lord Surrey declared that the narrow seas should not be so infested while he had estate enough to furnish a ship, or a son who was capable of commanding it. It was no new thing for the country to be indebted to private enterprise for the protection of its sea-borne trade, and the principle was only repudiated when the Declaration of Paris was signed in 1856. It is uncertain whether the ships were provided by the Earl or borrowed from the navy; but from his own words it would seem that they were furnished at his expense. In either case his two sons, the Lords Thomas and Edward, went in command, and Edward, the younger brother, who had already seen service against pirates, was made admiral or commodore of the force.

Barton was no ordinary picaroon. His ship, the *Lion*, was of 120 tons burthen, and is said to have been manned by 300 men; she had a consort, the *Jennet Perwyn*, of 70 tons and 180 men. According to the famous ballad (which, by the way, seems to belong to a much later date) there were no ships in those seas which could cope with Sir Andrew Barton's *Lion*—

He is brass within and steel without,
With beames on his topcastle strong;
And thirty pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along.

The armament seems excessive; but perhaps most of the 'pieces of ordinance' were swivels and 'arquebus-à-croc.' The Howards were presently reinforced by Henry Hunt, a merchant-skipper, whose ship had been plundered by Barton only a few days before. They encountered the great privateer off the Goodwins. The *Jennet Perwyn* was the first to engage Howard, but Peter Simon, chief gunner, was more than a match for the Scottish artillerists;

— His ordinance he laid right lowe,
He put in chain full nine yardles long,
With other great shott less and moe.

Barton brought the *Lion* to the assistance of the ill-used *Jennet Perwyn*, but while he was in hot action with the Howards, Hunt ranged up on his unengaged side and knocked the *Lion's* foremast overboard. A lucky shot from chief-bowman Horsely planted a fatal arrow under Barton's right arm through the joint of his armour,

and then the *Lion* struck to Lord Thomas Howard. On August 2, 1511, both ships were brought into the Thames and added to the strength of the King's navy. Sir Andrew Barton's gold chain and whistle, the insignia of command, were given to Lord Edward Howard, and a year later he received the appointment of Lord High Admiral.

Henry took a keen interest in everything connected with his navy. In March 1513 Edward Howard reported to him by letter that 'your good ship, the flower, I trow, of all ships that ever sailed,' had proved herself 'the noblest ship of sail at this hour that I trow be in Christendom.' The wording seems to suggest that the Admiral made a reservation in favour of the Mediterranean war-galleys. The ship, 'of sail,' that earned his commendation was the *Mary Rose* of 500 tons, and she capsized at Spithead before the King's eyes in 1545. If any reliance may be placed upon contemporary drawings, she bore a close resemblance to that '*Jesus of Lubeck*' which John Hawkyns lost at San Juan d'Ulloa in 1568. Only a month after writing this report Howard had fought his last fight, leaving behind him a glory which has been too soon forgotten.

In 1512 he was cruising with his fleet off the coast of Brittany, watching a French fleet under Jean de Thénouenel, which was in or near Brest, expecting a reinforcement of six Mediterranean galleys under Prigent le Bidoulx. Twenty-five ships were sent to reinforce Howard, and among them were the two finest vessels of the time; the *Regent*, of 1,000 tons, commanded by Sir Thomas Knyvett, and the *Sovereign* of 600 tons; her captain was that Sir Charles Brandon whose huge armour is one of the gems of the Tower collection. Off Camaret Bay Howard, with his forty-five sail, encountered the French fleet of thirty-nine; then, says Grafton, 'every man prepared according to his duty; the archers to shoot, the gunners to loose, the men-at-arms to fight; while the pages went to the top castles with darts.'

The largest ship in the French fleet was the *Marie la Cordelière*, commanded by Hervé de Portzmoguer, a great Breton sea captain. Brandon laid the *Sovereign* on board of her and cast his grappling-irons. Perhaps the forward grapnels failed to hold, for as they drove on side by side, the *Sovereign* swung round under the stern of the *Marie*, which was so lofty that the boarders could not scale it. Then came the *Regent* and grappled in turn; Portzmoguer let go his anchor and *Regent* and *Marie* swung with the tide, the Breton to windward. Knyvett led his boarders in the waist, and

in the struggle some loose powder ignited and set the *Cordelière* blazing. The *Regent*, unable to free herself, shared the same fate, and Knyvett, Portzmoguer, 900 Frenchmen, and 700 English perished in Bertheaume Bay. To this day there is a ship in the French navy which bears the name of *Primanguet*, the modern form of Portzmoguer; but here in England how many are there who recall the names of Edward Howard or Thomas Knyvett?

Next year, in March 1513, Howard put to sea again with forty-two sail. Sir Edward Etchyngham, Sir John Wallop, Sir Henry Sherburn, and many another well-known knight and gentleman held command under him. In the naval history of Josiah Burchett (who succeeded Pepys as Secretary of the Navy) there is an excellent description of the expedition, borrowed from Holinshed. Its first object was to clear the sea for the invasion of France. The French fleet lay at Brest, still waiting Le Bidoulx and his six galleys, which had been delayed for a year. Their position was strong; they were protected by shore batteries; twenty-four hulks, all chained one to another, lay outside them and screened them from the fire of the English ships. Prégent's six galleys, arrived at last, lay with four smaller galleys, or 'foists,' in Blanc Sablon Bay, north of Le Conquêt, in water so shallow that the English great ships could not reach them. Against these galleys there was only one possible plan of attack, and accordingly Howard undertook the first cutting-out expedition in the history of the navy. It was a maxim with him that no seaman could do any good service who was not resolute to a degree of madness. Many of our best and most successful admirals have shared that opinion; but few have carried it so far as to lead a forlorn hope in person. Yet Howard did it; he had but two small galleys, two barges, and two small boats for all his force, but he led the attack in one of the small galleys, laid her alongside Prégent's big one, and boarded her, followed by only seventeen men. If the great galley was manned as usual, she would muster about sixty soldiers and forty seamen, and perhaps a couple of hundred galley slaves who might strike a blow at a pinch to save their backs. Howard was badly supported; his galley swung clear and drifted away, leaving the little band of Englishmen isolated upon the enemy's deck. Howard hailed them to return, but there was much confusion and little time for rescue. No man saw him afterwards. The rest of the boats, seeing his galley fall off, abandoned the attempt, believing that he was still on board of her. When they learned the truth Sir John Wallop

and some other officers went ashore with a flag of truce to seek news of him. Prégent rode down on horseback to meet them, and assured them that his only living prisoner was a seaman; but an officer with a gilt shield (such as Howard carried) had been thrust overboard with pikes. And so, with mourning, the discouraged fleet returned to Plymouth.

Mr. David Hannay, in his 'Short History,' quotes from a letter written by Sir Edward Etchingham to Wolsey:

The galleys were protected on both sides by bulwarks planted so thick with guns and crossbows that the quarrels and gun-stones came together as thick as hailstones. For all this the Admiral boarded the galley that Preyer John was in, and Charran the Spaniard with him and sixteen others . . . and fastened the cable to the capstan, that if any of the galleys had been on fire they might have veered the cable and fallen off; but the French hewed asunder the cable, or some of our mariners let it slip. . . . There was a mariner wounded in eighteen places who, by adventure, recovered unto the buoy of the galley, so that the galley's boat took him up. He said he saw my Lord Admiral thrust against the rails of the galley with marris-pikes. Charran's boy tells a like tale. . . . Charran sent him for his hand-gun, which, before he could deliver, the one galley was gone off from the other; and he saw my Lord Admiral waving his hands and crying to the galleys, 'Come aboard again, come aboard again!' which when my Lord saw they could not, he took his whistle from about his neck, wrapped it together and threw it into the sea.

James of Scotland wrote to his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., to condole with him upon the ill-success of the expedition. 'Surely, dear brother,' said he, 'we think more loss is to you of your late Admiral, who deceased to his great honour and laud, than the advantage might have been of winning all the French galleys.'

Thomas Howard, Lord Edward's brother, succeeded him as Lord High Admiral; his half-brother, William Howard, was appointed to the same office in 1554; and William's son, Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, obtained it in 1585.

Few among the Elizabethan admirals have been either neglected or forgotten. That fascinating period has been explored so thoroughly, and by so many historians, that there are few dark places left. Yet among the crowd of great seamen who followed where Drake led, there are some who have scarcely received the credit that was their due. Though the brightness of their glory is dimmed by the stars of greater magnitude, yet it was fairly won, and would have seemed brilliant in almost any other age. The memory of Sir William Monson is kept green by his delightful 'Naval Tracts;' but Baskerville, Leveson, and many other hard-hitting seamen are almost forgotten. Martin Frobisher is remem-

bered for his discoveries, and because he, like Davis, is become a part of the marvellous story of the Frozen North and the Quest of the Pole. But what of George Fenner of Chichester? Though he never held a commission as admiral, yet once, in time of emergency, Cecil himself was glad to turn to 'good George,' tried and trusted for twenty years; and if he lacked the title yet he had borne the responsibility of the office. Few men at any time could boast of a finer action at sea than George Fenner's great fight of 1567 against the 'Seven Portugals.' The story is told in Hakluyt by one Walter Wren who sailed with him in the *Castle of Comfort*. His brother, Edward Fenner, commanded the *Mayflower*; and the *George* and a pinnace made up the little squadron. The peace-loving Cecil sent down orders to require George Fenner as 'General' of the expedition to give bond that 'he should not spoil any of the Queen's subjects, nor repair armed for purpose of traffic to India or any other place privileged by the King of Spain.' Apparently John Hawkyms entered into a similar bond at the same time, and San Juan d'Ulloa bears witness how lightly he held it. George Fenner's bond was better kept, and his voyage had a happier ending. It was off Terceira, in the Azores, on May 9, 1567, that the little squadron, then widely scattered, sighted a great ship and two caravels lying under the land, which ships they judged to be of the King of Portugal's Armada. The ship is described as one of King Sebastian's galleasses, but as no mention is made of oars she was probably a galleon; she was of about 400 tons, and her crew of soldiers and marines might amount to 300 men. Her guns, great and small, were of brass. The two caravels were equally well armed and appointed. When they came within gun-shot of the English they waved their swords in the well-known signal to 'amaine,' otherwise heave-to; but Fenner's ships held their course, 'making all things clear for their safeguard.' The great ship opened fire from her broadside, and especially from the four great pieces that lay in her stern. As she was using her stern-chase she must have 'run a fair berth ahead' of the *Castle*. Some of Fenner's men were hit, but the rest 'did their best with shot to requite it.' Then the two caravels came out to join in the attack, bringing with them two boatloads of men to reinforce the crew of the 'galleasse.' Three times that day they returned to the attack; and Fenner's men spent the night in repairing the damages of the *Castle of Comfort*, 'resolving rather to die in their defence than be taken by such wretches.'

The morning brought little comfort to the anxious people of the *Castle*, for there came with it four more caravels, three of them of 100 tons apiece. The *George* joined during the night, but Edward Fenner and the *Mayflower* were far to leeward. The galleasse engaged the *Castle of Comfort* to larboard, and one of the caravels attacked to starboard, while the rest lay off in reserve. There could be no rapid fire; it took time to ladle powder into paper cartridges for 18-pounder culverins, and 9-pounder demi-culverins, but Fenner's gunners made their ordnance ready with cross-bars, chain-shot, and hail-shot, and fought both broadsides at once; having four or five carriage-guns of a side, the rest swivels, bases, and fowlers. Galleasse and caravel were soon fain to fall astern and give place to the five reserve ships. After a while they too drew off, and took counsel together, while the *George* came alongside and conferred with Fenner for a great space. When the seven Portugals made sail again to recommence the action the *George* was minded to fall astern, intending either to come up on the other side or else to fall into the wake of the Admiral and form 'line ahead;' but the wind being light, she fell astern and to leeward, and presently found herself in the midst of the caravels. The galleasse and one caravel took post again on either side of the *Castle* and fought her in a leisurely fashion all day, while the *George*, surrounded by the five caravels, 'made reasonable shift with them.' The *Mayflower* was still far to leeward; being very good by the wind she worked to windward all day, but could not come near.

In these many fights it could not otherwise be but needs some of our men must be slaine, and divers hurt, and our tackle much spoiled; yet we did our best endeavour to repair all things, and to stand to it to the death with our assured trust in the help of God.

Edward Fenner did not win much glory that day. The *Mayflower* took no part in the action, yet when she fetched up to them at night she could not spare half a dozen men to fill the vacancies in the *Castle's* quarter bill. Before morning she bore away again;

which, when our enemies saw, they came up to us again and gave us a great fight, with much hallowing and hooping, making account either to board or sink us. Lest they should see us any whit dismayed, when they hallowed, we hallowed also as fast as they, and waved them to come and board us if they durst; but they would not, seeing us so courageous; and having given us that day four fights, at night they forsook us with shame, as they came to us at the first with pride.

In that action George Fenner fought for his own hand and his owner's property. Against the Great Armada he fought for his

country in the division that was commanded by Francis Drake. Fenner's ship was the galleon *Leicester*, at one time called the *Bear*, of 400 tons and 160 men; in no way to be confounded with her Majesty's *White Bear*, of 1,000 tons, which was then commanded by Lord Thomas Howard. The *Leicester* was a privately owned ship, belonging apparently to London but attached to Drake's western fleet. In the fight off Portland on Tuesday, July 23,

the most furious and bloody skirmish of all, in which the Lord Admiral of England continued fighting amid his enemy's fleet; seeing one of his captains afar off, he spake unto him in these words: 'Oh George! what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' With which words he, being inflamed, approached forthwith, encountered the enemy, and did the part of a most valiant captain.

That is a story which might have been borrowed from the romances of chivalry, wherein the battle stays and conflicting armies hold their breath while the heroes exchange declamatory defiance. Even if the turmoil of a naval action permitted such an appeal to a captain 'afar off,' it must be remembered that George Fenner had as much experience of sea fighting as any man then living, while the Lord Admiral had little or none. Fenner could choose his own time and wait for opportunity to deliver his attack without risking a reputation whose foundation had been securely laid twenty-one years before. The passing years only added to it. In 1599 it was as in 1588. Philip II., Lord Burghley, and Francis Drake had gone where the wicked cease from troubling; but Philip III. and Lord Robert Cecil had succeeded to the heritage of hatred. The Invincible Armada had come and gone, and its relics were the sport of the Irish and Hebridean tides. Suddenly and without warning came news of a new Armada gathering at 'the Groyne,' with Philip himself in chief command. George Fenner, in the Queen's ship *Dreadnought*, with the *Swiftsure* and *Advice* pinnacle, was sent to cruise off the north coast of Spain. On July 14 they brought to Plymouth news of seventy galleys and a hundred ships lying ready for sea in Corunna, with 10,000 troops on board; 15,000 more were to be picked up at Brest, and Chichester, the home of the Fenners, was one of the places designed for the landing of the galleys. Matthew Bredgate, of the *Swiftsure*, had heard that Philip had sworn to make his finger heavier for England than his father's whole body. In twelve days a fleet of sixteen ships and three crompters, or cruisers, was mobilised and assembled at the Downs under Lord Thomas Howard, and Fenner's little squadron was cruising off Brest to give timely warning.

The danger was very real while it lasted. On August 23 it was rumoured that the Spanish fleet was actually entering the Channel ; but as a matter of fact the whole expedition had been countermanded on August 10, and the ships sent to the Azores to protect the annual treasure fleet, then threatened by a Dutch fleet under Peter van der Does, who was lying in wait for it. But six galleys had made their way to Conquêt Bay, under Frederick Spinola, a younger son of that great Genoese banking-house whose members seem to have been generals, or admirals, or merchant princes as occasion served. They only waited for a wind to carry them to Dunkirk, where the incomparable Spinola—he was only twenty-five—had already constructed a deep-water basin to receive them ; for the galleys were too lightly built to take the ground without straining. The wind was set at south-west ; Howard's ships, lying about the Forelands, could not beat down against it ; but Fenner, who had put into Plymouth for stores and water, might catch them at La Hogue, where they had sheltered from a gale, if he made all speed. Mr. Julian Corbett quotes the draft of a letter, in Robert Cecil's handwriting, preserved at Hatfield ; it bears the signatures of the Lord Admiral, the Lord Chamberlain, and Cecil himself. George Fenner is bidden to take his *Dreadnought*, the *Advice*, the Lord Admiral's *Truelove*, and any of Gerbrandtsen's Dutchmen that he can find, and cut off the galleys. 'Tarry not, good George, but do the best you can ; for we would be very glad these might be caught or canvassed. Assure yourself that your ship and the *Truelove* will beat them if there were no more to assist you.' Then, as if remembering that they were landsmen writing to one of the most experienced sea captains then living, they add in a postscript a tentative suggestion.

George Fenner, you are a wise man, and have experience how to use stratagems. It will not be amiss, if you think good, to lay a bait for them in this sort ; that some league before you some bark may be sent, and take in her ordnance as if she were no man-of-war, which peradventure may entice the baggages from the shore to come off and take her.

Mr. Corbett gives his reasons for believing that this letter could not have been written before the evening of Tuesday, August 28. The post-time from London to Plymouth was about thirty-six hours ; Fenner was out of the Sound by noon on the 31st ; but before the letter had reached him Spinola had got into Havre. Four years later, on May 26, 1603, the great Genoese died gallantly on the deck of his galley in action with Joost de Moor and a Dutch squadron.

Our three long and bitter wars against the Dutch, wherein the prize of victory was the dominion of the sea, did very much to train and harden the British navy. The leisurely methods of the Grand Monarque, which had become the accepted fashion in all land campaigns, were perforce discarded by the men who encountered Martin van Tromp and Michael de Ruyter. First they taught us the bull-dog tenacity without which there can be no naval success; then the discipline and tactical science without which tenacity is only heroic self-sacrifice. Half the lesson was forgotten during the first half of the eighteenth century, to be re-learned (after much national humiliation) under Hawke and Rodney. Among the men who studied the science of naval warfare in the academy of Tromp and De Ruyter were Blake, Albemarle, Rupert, and many others whose names are scored deep in our history; but of the many good seamen who held command under them, how few are remembered outside the text-books! There were among them three men of no particular birth or lineage, bred among yeomen in the same corner of Norfolk, who befriended each other; who were bound by ties of friendship as well as by a common service and a common homeland. Shovell is best known by the mass of marble in Westminster Abbey which records the one great blunder that cost him his life, and three good ships, and three good crews, on the rocks of Scilly. Narbrough is almost forgotten; and of Christopher Myngs, the first and perhaps the best of the three, we should know but little if it were not for honest, gossiping Samuel Pepys. When the busy Secretary came back, the easy tears still wet upon his eminently respectable face, from the shabby funeral that closed the adventurous story of Christopher Myngs, he was full of lamentations that a man of so great parts, dying at that time, poor rather than rich, would be quite forgot in a few months as if he had never been. Has England no better memory for her dead heroes than Pepys gave her credit for? The name of Myngs is still held in honourable remembrance by all who take enough pride in the Navy to glance at its records; but among the millions of good citizens who are typified by 'the man in the street,' how many have ever heard his name? Yet that great Norfolk admiral was, in his life and death, a prototype of Nelson. He was one of the best officers of his time; a steadfast upholder of the spirit and discipline of the Navy at a time when both were sorely needed—beloved beyond his fellows by all who served under him.

Another good East Coast admiral distinguished himself on the first day of the Four Days' Battle. John Harman was a Suffolk

man; hawk-faced and black-haired, as Lely painted him. Like Myngs he was a trained seaman, a 'tarpauling captain.' There had been other naval officers in his family, and he himself had thrice commanded a ship in action with the Dutch; twice in 1653 and once in 1665. This time his flag as Rear-Admiral of the White, or rear division, was hoisted in the *Henry*, 64. She had been the *Dunbar* in Cromwell's time, but had been re-christened, with many other ships whose names recalled the triumphs of the Great Protector, at the Restoration.

The brunt of the first day's fight fell upon the White division. Several ships broke into the Dutch line and were surrounded. One of them, the *Swiftsure*, was taken, and Vice-Admiral Sir William Berkeley was killed. The *Henry* was cut to pieces aloft; and when she was completely unmanageable a fireship grappled her on the starboard quarter. Lieutenant Thomas Lamming boarded her through flame and smoke, cast off the grapplings, and scrambled back into the *Henry* as the blazing mass drifted clear. Before long a second fire-ship was fast on the larboard quarter and the *Henry's* aftersails broke into flame. There was an instant panic. Scores of men leaped overboard, frantic with fear; Pepys says that the chaplain and many women followed them, choosing to be drowned rather than burn; but Harman flung himself upon the rest, sword in hand, swearing he would kill the next man who tried to leave the ship or failed to do his duty. The panic was stayed; the crew, making a virtue of necessity, cut the fire-ship adrift and got the flames under, but a falling topsail-yard struck Harman and broke his leg at the ankle. A third fireship bore down upon the *Henry*; but the crew had rallied and manned their guns again, and the heavy 32-pounders on the lower deck sunk the fire-ship alongside them. As the *Henry* lay on the water a scorched wreck, Admiral Cornelis Evertsen bore down and hailed Harman to strike, promising quarter. Crippled as he was, he was still unconquered. 'No, no,' he shouted back, 'it has come not to that yet!' His next broadside killed Evertsen, and the Dutch ship fell away. The *Henry*, completely disabled, bore up for Harwich. Harman gave himself no rest; the thunder of the guns of the second day's battle only spurred him on. Working night and day his sadly diminished crew got their battered ship refitted by the evening of the next day, and Harman put to sea again for another round of the great battle. He was only in time to meet the shattered fleet making its way to the Thames when the four days were ended.

But there was plenty of work for John Harman yet. He was

Commander-in-Chief in the West Indies in the following year, and fought a French squadron under Admiral De la Barre at Martinique. De la Barre's flagship and seven others were burned. In 1672 his flag was in the *Royal Charles*, and upon the Blue division, of which he was rear-admiral, fell the first weight of the attack that cost the Earl of Sandwich his life. In the first battle of Schooneveld, on May 28, 1673, he was Vice-Admiral of the Red (centre) division in the *London*, 96, and, as ever, distinguished himself; he was in the same ship at the second battle of Schooneveld on June 4. In the last battle of the war, which was fought off the Texel on August 11, 1673, Prince Rupert and the Red division were engaged by De Ruyter's and Bankert's divisions, and the action was very hot; but Harman was opposed by a deadlier enemy, for death was very near to him. Ill and too weak to stand, he sat in his chair on the quarter deck of the *London* throughout the battle. Sick or well, his courage was as steadfast, his nerves as unshaken, as ever. He was specially recommended for promotion by Prince Rupert; Sir Edward Spragge, Admiral of the Blue, had been killed in the action, and Harman was at once promoted in his place. Two months after the battle, on October 11, he died. He took part in seven general actions; three of them were crowded into the last five months of his life; in all of them he distinguished himself. His was a name noted for desperate courage and ready seamanship; how many remember it now?

Our memories are perhaps no shorter than those of other nations; but the hosts of the dead are very numerous, and Britain has been well served by generations of her children; of whom, indeed, she in her turn has deserved well. What if her long-dead heroes are not commemorated in our public places in monumental marble! The records are kept, for all who care to recall them. The wise man who possesses a gem of art or a priceless antique does not exhibit it in the street for all the world of ignorance and indifference to wonder at. Such treasures are for those who know and understand. Trafalgar Square, sacred to political squabbles and the right of public meeting would be but a vulgar Pantheon, and the effigy of a hero is of little value to those who have never heard of his deeds. If English children were taught to know and honour their great countrymen of the past there would be no need of marble or bronze to keep them in remembrance; for their best monument must always be the memory of their lives.

W. J. FLETCHER.

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

XI.

I WAS staying the other day in the house of an old friend, a public man, who is a deeply interesting character, energetic, able, vigorous, with very definite limitations. The only male guest in the house, it so happened, was also an old friend of mine, a serious man. One night, when we were all three in the smoking-room, our host rose, and excused himself, saying that he had some letters to write. When he was gone, I said to my serious friend : ' What an interesting fellow our host is ! He is almost more interesting because of the qualities that he does not possess, than because of the qualities that he does possess.' My companion, who is remarkable for his power of blunt statement, looked at me gravely, and said : ' If you propose to discuss our host, you must find someone else to conduct the argument ; he is my friend, whom I esteem and love, and I am not in a position to criticise him.' I laughed, and said : ' Well, he is my friend, too, and I esteem and love him ; and that is the very reason why I should like to discuss him. Nothing that either you or I could say would make me love him less ; but I wish to understand him. I have a very clear impression of him, and I have no doubt you have a very clear impression too ; yet we should probably differ about him in many points, and I should like to see what light you could throw upon his character.' My companion said : ' No ; it is inconsistent with my idea of loyalty to criticise my friends. Besides, you know I am an old-fashioned person, and I disapprove of criticising people altogether. I think it is a violation of the ninth commandment ; I do not think we are justified in bearing false witness against our neighbour.'

' But you beg the question,' I said, ' by saying "*false witness*." I quite agree that to discuss people in a malicious spirit, or in a spirit of mockery, with the intention of exaggerating their faults and making a grotesque picture of their foibles, is wrong. But two just persons, such as you and I are, may surely talk over our friends, in what Mr. Chadband called a spirit of love ? ' My companion shook his head. ' No,' he said, ' I think it is altogether

wrong. Our business is to see the good points of our friends, and to be blind to their faults.' 'Well,' I said, 'then let us "praise him soft and low, call him worthiest to be loved," like the people in the "Princess." You shall make a panegyric, and I will say "Hear, hear!"' 'You are making a joke out of it,' said my companion, 'and I shall stick to my principles—and you won't mind my saying,' he went on, 'that I think your tendency is to criticise people much too much. You are always discussing people's faults, and I think it ends in your having a lower estimate of human nature than is either kind or necessary. To-night, at dinner, it made me quite melancholy to hear the way in which you spoke of several of our best friends.' 'Not leaving Lancelot brave nor Galahad pure!' I said; 'in fact you think that I behaved like the ingenious demon in the Acts, who always seems to me to have had a strong sense of humour. It was the seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, was it not, who tried to exorcise an evil spirit? But he "leapt upon them and overcame them, so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded." You mean that I use my friends like that, strip off their reputations, belabour them, and leave them without a rag of virtue or honour?' My companion frowned, and said: 'Yes; that is more or less what I mean, though I think your illustration is needlessly profane. My idea is that we ought to make the best of people, and try as far as possible to be blind to their faults.' 'Unless their fault happens to be criticism?' I said. My companion turned to me very solemnly, and said: 'I think we ought not to be afraid, if necessary, of telling our friends about their faults; but that is quite a different thing from amusing oneself by discussing their faults with others.' 'Well,' I said, 'I believe that one is in a much better position to speak to people about their faults, if one knows what they are; and personally I think I arrive at a juster view both of my friends' faults and virtues by discussing them with others. I think one takes a much fairer view by seeing the impression that one's friends make on other people; and I think that I generally arrive at admiring my friends more by seeing them reflected in the mind of another, than I do when they are merely reflected in my own mind. Besides, if one is possessed of critical faculties, it seems to me absurd to rule out one part of life, and that, perhaps, the most important—one's fellow-beings, I mean—and to say that one is not to exercise the faculty of criticism there. You would not think it wrong, for instance, to criticise books?' 'No,' said my companion,

'certainly not. I think that it is not only legitimate, but a duty, to bring one's critical faculties to bear on books; it is one of the most valuable methods of self-education.' 'And yet books are nothing but an expression of an author's personality,' I said. 'Would you go so far as to say that one has no business to criticise one's friends' books?' 'You are only arguing for the sake of arguing,' said my companion. 'With books it is quite different; they are a public expression of a man's opinions, and consequently they are submitted to the world for criticism.' 'I confess,' I said, 'that I do not think the distinction is a real one. I feel sure one has a right to criticise a man's opinions, delivered in conversation; and I think that much of our lives is nothing but a more or less public expression of ourselves. Your position seems to me no more reasonable than if a man were to say: "I look upon the whole world and all that is in it as the work of God; and I am not in a position to criticise any of the works of God." If one may not criticise the character of a friend whom one esteems and loves, surely, *a fortiori*, we ought not to criticise anything in the world at all. The whole of ethics, the whole of religion, is nothing else than bringing our critical faculties to bear upon actions and qualities; and it seems to me that if our critical faculty means anything at all, we are bound to apply it to all the phenomena we see about us.' My companion said disdainfully that I was indulging in the merest sophistry, and that he thought that we had better go to bed, which we presently did.

I have, since this conversation, been reflecting about the whole subject, and I am not inclined to admit that my companion was right. In the first place, if everyone were to follow the principle that one had no business to criticise one's friends, it would end in being deplorably dull. Imagine the appalling ponderosity of a conversation in which one felt bound to praise everyone who was mentioned. Think of the insensate chorus which would arise. 'How tall and stately A—— is! How sturdy and compact B—— is! Then there is dear C——; how wise, judicious, prudent, and sensible! And the excellent D——, what candour, what impulsiveness! E——, how worthy, how business-like! Yes, how true that is! How thankful we should be for the examples of A——, B——, C——, D——, and E——!' A very little of such conversation would go a long way. How it would refresh and invigorate the mind! What a field for humour and subtlety it would open up!

It may be urged that we ought not to regulate our conduct upon

the basis of trying to avoid what is dull ; but I am myself of opinion that dullness is responsible for a large amount of human error and misery. Readers of *The Pilgrim's Progress* will no doubt remember the young woman whose name was *Dull*, and her choice of companions—*Simple*, *Sloth*, *Presumption*, *Short-mind*, *Slow-pace*, *No-heart*, *Linger-after-lust*, and *Sleepy-head*. These are the natural associates of *Madam Dull*. The danger of dullness, whether natural or acquired, is the danger of complacently lingering among stupid and conventional ideas, and losing all the bright interchange of the larger world. The dull people are not, as a rule, the simple people—they are generally provided with a narrow and self-sufficient code ; they are often entirely self-satisfied, and apt to disapprove of everything that is lively, romantic, and vigorous. Simplicity, as a rule, is either a natural gift, or else can be attained only by people of strong critical powers, who will, firmly, and vigorously, test, examine, and weigh motives, and arrive through experience at a direct and natural method of dealing with men and circumstances. True simplicity is not an inherited poverty of spirit ; it is rather like the poverty of one who has deliberately discarded what is hampering, vexatious and unnecessary, and has learnt that the art of life consists in disentangling the spirit from all conventional claims, in living by trained impulse and fine instinct, rather than by tradition and authority. I do not say that the dull people are not probably, in a way, the happier people ; I suppose that anything that leads to self-satisfaction is, in a sense, a cause of happiness ; but it is not a species of happiness that people ought to pursue.

Perhaps one ought not to use the word dullness, because it may be misunderstood. The kind of dullness of which I speak is not inconsistent with a high degree, not only of practical, but even of mental, ability. I know several people of very great intellectual power who are models of dullness. Their memories are loaded with what is no doubt very valuable information, and their conclusions are of the weightiest character ; but they have no vivid perception, no alertness, they are not open to new ideas, they never say an interesting or a suggestive thing ; their presence is a load on the spirits of a lively party, their very facial expression is a rebuke to all light-mindedness and triviality. Sometimes these people are silent, and then to be in their presence is like being in a thick mist ; there is no outlook, no enlivening prospect. Sometimes they are talkers ; and I am not sure that that is not even worse,

because they generally discourse on their own subjects with profound and serious conviction. They have no power of conversation, because they are not interested in anyone else's point of view; they care no more who their companions are than a pump cares what sort of a vessel is put under it—they only demand that people should listen in silence. I remember not long ago meeting one of the species, in this case an antiquarian. He discoursed continuously, with a hard eye, fixed as a rule upon the table, about the antiquities of the neighbourhood. I was on one side of him, and was far too much crushed to attempt resistance. I ate and drank mechanically; I said 'Yes' and 'very interesting' at intervals; and the only ray of hope upon the horizon was that the hands of the clock upon the mantelpiece did undoubtedly move, though they moved with leaden slowness. On the other side of the great man was a lively talker, Matthews by name, who grew very restive under the process. The great man had selected Dorchester as his theme, because he had unhappily discovered that I had recently visited it. My friend Matthews, who had been included in the audience, made desperate attempts to escape; and once, seeing that I was fairly grappled, began a conversation with his next neighbour. But the antiquary was not to be put off. He stopped, and looked at Matthews with a relentless eye. 'Matthews,' he said, 'MATTHEWS!' raising his voice. Matthews looked round. 'I was saying that Dorchester was a very interesting place.' Matthews made no further attempt to escape, and resigned himself to his fate.

Such men as the antiquary are certainly very happy people; they are absorbed in their subject, and consider it to be of immense importance. I suppose that their lives are, in a sense, well spent, and that the world is in a way the gainer by their labours. My friend the antiquary has certainly, according to his own account, proved that certain ancient earthworks near Dorchester are of a date at least five hundred years anterior to the received date. It took him a year or two to find out, and I suppose that the human race has benefited in some way or other by the conclusion; but, on the other hand, the antiquary seems to miss all the best things of life. If life is an educative process, people who have lived and loved, who have smiled and suffered, who have perceived beautiful things, who have felt the rapturous and bewildering mysteries of the world—well, they have learnt something of the mind of God, and, when they close their eyes upon the world,

take with them an alert, a hopeful, an inquisitive, an ardent spirit, into whatever may be the next act of the drama; but my friend the antiquary, when he crosses the threshold of the unseen, when he is questioned as to what has been his relation to life, will have seen and perceived, and learnt nothing, except the date of the Dorchester earthworks and similar monuments of history.

And of all the shifting pageant of life, by far the most interesting and exquisite part is our relations with the other souls who are bound on the same pilgrimage. One desires ardently to know what other people feel about it all—what their points of view are, what their motives are, what are the data on which they form their opinions—so that to cut off the discussion of other personalities on ethical grounds is like any other stiff and Puritanical attempt to limit interests, to circumscribe experience, to maim life. The criticism, then, or the discussion, of other people is not so much a *cause* of interest in life, as a *sign* of it; it is no more to be suppressed by codes or edicts than any other form of temperamental activity. It is no more necessary to justify the habit than it is necessary to give good reasons for eating or for breathing; the only thing that it is advisable to do, is to lay down certain rules about it, and prescribe certain methods of practising it. The people who do not desire to discuss others, or who disapprove of doing it, may be pronounced to be, as a rule, either stupid, or egotistical, or Pharisaical; and sometimes they are all three. The only principle to bear in mind is the principle of justice. If a man discusses others spitefully or malevolently, with the sole intention of either extracting amusement out of their foibles, or with the still more odious intention of emphasising his own virtues by discovering the weakness of others, or with the cynical desire—which is perhaps the lowest of all—of proving the whole business of human life to be a vile and sordid spectacle, then he may be frankly disapproved of, and if possible avoided; but if a man takes a generous view of humanity, if he admires what is large and noble, if he gives full credit for kindness, strength, usefulness, vigour, sympathy, then his humorous perception of faults and deficiencies, of whims and mannerisms, of prejudices and unreasonablenesses, will have nothing that is hard or bitter about it. For the truth is that if we are sure that a man is generous and just, his little mannerisms, his fads, his ways, are what mostly endear him to us. The man of lavish liberality is all the more lovable if he has an intense dislike of cutting the string of a parcel, and loves to

fill his drawers with little hanks of twine, the untying of which stands for many wasted hours. If we know a man to be simple-minded, forbearing, and conscientious, we like him all the better when he tells for the fiftieth time an ancient story, prefacing it by anxious inquiries, which are smilingly rebutted, as to whether any of his hearers have ever heard the anecdote before.

But we must not let this tendency, to take a man in his entirety, to love him as he is, carry us too far; we must be careful that the foibles that endear him to us are in themselves innocent.

There is one particular form of priggishness, in this matter of criticism of others, which is apt to beset literary people, and more especially at a time when it seems to be considered by many writers that the first duty of a critic—they would probably call him an artist for the sake of the associations—is to get rid of all sense of right and wrong. I was reading the other day a sensible and appreciative review of Mr. Lucas's new biography of Charles Lamb. The reviewer quoted with cordial praise Mr. Lucas's remark—referring, of course, to the gin-and-water, which casts, I fear, in my own narrow view, something of a sordid shadow over Lamb's otherwise innocent life—'A man must be very secure in his own righteousness who would pass condemnatory judgment upon Charles Lamb's only weakness.' I do not myself think this a sound criticism. We ought not to abstain from condemning the weakness, we must abstain from condemning Charles Lamb. His beautiful virtues, his tenderness, his extraordinary sweetness and purity of nature far outweigh this weakness. But what are we to do? Are we to ignore, to condone, to praise the habit? Are we to think the better of Charles Lamb and love him more because he tippled? Would he not have been more lovable without it?

And the fact that one may be conscious of similar faults and moral weaknesses ought not to make one more, but less, indulgent to the fault when we see it in a beautiful nature. The fault in question is no more in itself adorable than it is in another man who does not possess Lamb's genius.

We have a perfect right—nay, we do well—to condemn in others faults which we frankly condemn in ourselves. It does not help on the world if we go about everywhere slobbering with forgiveness and affection; it is the most mawkish sentimentality to love people in such a way that we condone grave faults in them; and to condone a fault because a man is great, when we condemn it if he is not great, is only a species of snobbishness. It is right

to compassionate sinners, to find excuse for the faults of everyone but ourselves ; but we ought not to love so foolishly and irrationally that we cannot even bring ourselves to wish our hero's faults away.

I confess to feeling the most minute and detailed interest in the smallest matters connected with other people's lives and idiosyncrasies. I cannot bear biographies of the dignified order which do not condescend to give what are called personal details, but confine themselves to matters of undoubted importance. When I have finished reading such books I feel as if I had been reading the 'Statesman's Year-Book,' or the 'Annual Register.' I have no mental picture of the man ; he is merely like one of those bronze statues, in frock-coat and trousers, that decorate our London squares.

I was reading, the other day, an ecclesiastical biography. The subject of it, a high dignitary of the Church, had attended the funeral of one of his episcopal colleagues, with whom he had had several technical controversies. On the evening of the day he wrote a very tender and beautiful account of the funeral in his diary, which is quoted at length : 'How little,' he wrote, 'the sense of difference, and how strong my feeling of his power and solid sense ; how little I care that he was wrong about the Discipline Bill, how much that he was so happy with us in the summer ; how much that he was, as all the family told me, so "devoted" to my Nellie !'

That is a thoroughly human statement, and preserves a due sense of proportion. In the presence of death it is the kindly human relations that matter more than policies and statesmanship.

And so it may be said, in conclusion, that we cannot taste the fulness of life, unless we can honestly say *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. If we grow absorbed in work, in business, in literature, in art, in policy, to the exclusion of the nearer human elements, we dock and maim our lives. We cannot solve the mystery of this difficult world ; but we may be sure of this—that it is not for nothing that we are set in the midst of interests and relationships, of liking and loving, of tenderness and mirth, of sorrow and pain. If we are to get the most and the best out of life, we must not seclude ourselves from these things ; and one of the nearest and simplest of duties is the perception of others' points of view, of sympathy, in no limited sense ; and that sympathy we can only gain through looking at humanity in its wholeness. If we allow

ourselves to be blinded by false conscience, by tradition, by stupidity, even by affection, from realising what others are, we suffer, as we always suffer, from any wilful blindness; indeed, wilful blindness is the most desperate of all faults, perhaps the only one that can hardly be condoned, because it argues a confidence in one's own opinion, a self-sufficiency, a self-estimation, which shut out, as by an opaque and sordid screen, the light of heaven from the soul.

CHIPPINGE.¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINDS OF AUTUMN.

LADY LANSDOWNE looked pensively at the tapering sandal which she held forward to catch the heat. 'Time passes so very, very quickly,' she said with a sigh.

'With some,' Sir Robert answered. 'With others,' he bowed, 'it stands still.'

His gallantry did not deceive her. She knew it for the salute which duellists exchange before the fray, and she saw that if she would do anything she must place herself within his guard. She looked at him with sudden frankness. 'I want you to bear with me for a few minutes, Sir Robert,' she said in a tone of appeal. 'I want you to remember that we were once friends, and, for the sake of old days, to believe that I am here to play a friend's part. You won't answer me? Very well. I do not ask you to answer me.' She pointed to the space above the mantel. 'The portrait which used to hang there?' she said. 'Where is it? What have you done with it? But there, I said I would not ask and I am asking!'

'And I will answer!' he replied. This was the last, the very last thing for which he had looked; but he would show her that he was not to be overridden. 'I will tell you,' he repeated. 'Lady Lansdowne, I have destroyed it.'

'I do not blame you,' she rejoined. 'It was yours to do with as you would. But the original—no, Sir Robert,' she said, staying him intrepidly—she had taken the water now, and must swim—'you shall not frighten me! She was, she is your wife. But not yours, not your property to do with as you will, in the sense in which that picture—but there, I am blaming where I should entreat. I——'

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He stayed her by a peremptory gesture. 'Are you here—from her?' he asked huskily.

'I am not.'

'She knows?'

'No, Sir Robert, she does not.'

'Then why——' there was pain, real pain mingled with the indignation in his tone—'why, in God's name, Madam, have you come?'

She looked at him with pitying eyes. 'Because,' she said, 'so many years have passed, and if I do not say a word now I shall never say it. And because—there is still time, but no more than time.'

He looked at her fixedly. 'You have another reason,' he said. 'What is it?'

'I saw her yesterday. I was in Chippenham when the Bristol coach passed, and I saw her face for an instant at the window.'

He breathed more quickly; it was evident that the news touched him home. But he would not blench nor lower his eyes. 'Well?' he said.

'I saw her for a few seconds only, and she did not see me. And of course—I did not speak to her. But I knew her face though she was changed.'

'And because'—his voice was harsh—'you saw her for a few minutes at a window, you come to me?'

'No, but because her face called up the old times. And because we are all growing older. And because she was—not guilty.'

He started. This was getting within his guard with a vengeance. 'Not guilty?' he cried in a tone of extreme anger. And he rose. But as she did not move he sat down again.

'No,' she replied firmly. 'She was not guilty.'

His face was deeply red. For a moment he looked at her as if he would not answer her, or, if he answered, would bid her leave his house. Then, 'If she had been,' he said grimly, 'guilty, Madam, in the sense in which you use the word, guilty of the worst, she had ceased to be my wife these fifteen years, she had ceased to bear my name, ceased to be the curse of my life!'

'Oh, no, no!'

'It is yes, yes!' And his face was dark. 'But as it was, she was guilty of enough! For years'—he spoke more rapidly as his passion grew—'she made her name a byword and dragged mine in the dirt. She made me a laughing-stock and herself a

scandal. She disobeyed me—but what was her whole life with me, Lady Lansdowne, but one long disobedience? When she published that light, that foolish book, and dedicated it to—to that person—a book which no modest wife should have written, was not her main motive to harass and degrade me? Me, her husband? While we were together was not her conduct from the first one long defiance, one long harassment of me? Did a day pass in which she did not humiliate me by a hundred tricks, belittle me by a hundred slights, ape me before those whom she should not have stooped to know, invite in a thousand ways the applause of the fops she drew round her? And when—he rose, and paced the room—when, tried beyond patience by what I heard, I sent to her at Florence and bade her return to me, and cease to make herself a scandal with that person, or my house should no longer be her home, she disobeyed me flagrantly, wilfully, and at a price she knew! She went out of her way to follow him to Rome, she flaunted herself in his company, ay, and flaunted herself in such guise as no Englishwoman had been known to wear before! And after that—after that—

He stopped, proud as he was, mastered by his feelings; she had got within his guard indeed. For a while he could not go on. And she, picturing the old days which his passionate words brought back, days when her children had been infants, saw, as it had been yesterday, the young bride, beautiful as a rosebud and wild and skittish as an Irish colt—and the husband staid, dignified, middle-aged, as little in sympathy with his captive's random acts and flighty words as if he had spoken another tongue.

Thus yoked, and resisting the lightest rein, the young wife had shown herself capable of an infinity of folly. Egged on by the plaudits of a circle of admirers, she had now made her husband ridiculous by childish familiarities: and again, when he found fault with these, by airs of public offence, which covered him with derision. But beauty's sins are soon forgiven; and fretting and fuming, and leading a wretched life, he had yet borne with her, until something which she chose to call a passion took possession of her. 'The Giaour' and 'The Corsair' were all the rage that year; and with the publicity with which she did everything she flung herself at the head of her soul's affinity; a famous person, half poet, half dandy, who was staying at Bowood.

The world, which knew her, decided that the affair was more worthy of laughter than of censure, and laughed immoderately.

But to the husband—the humour of husbands is undeveloped—it was terrible. She wrote verses to the gentleman, and he to her; and she published, with ingenuous pride, the one and the other. Possibly this or the laughter determined the admirer. He fled, playing the innocent Æneas; and her lamentations, crystallising in the shape of a silly romance which made shop-girls weep and great ladies laugh, caused a separation between the husband and wife. Before this had lasted many months the illness of their only child brought them together again; and when, a little later, the doctors advised a southern climate, Sir Robert reluctantly entrusted the girl to her. She went abroad with the child, and the parents never met again.

Lady Lansdowne, recalling the story, could have laughed with her mind and wept with her heart; scenes so absurd under the leafy shades of Bowood or Lacock jostled the tragedy; and the ludicrous—with the husband an unwilling actor in it—so completely relieved the pathetic! But her bent towards laughter was short. Sir Robert, unable to bear her eyes, had turned away; and she must say something.

‘Think,’ she said gently, ‘how young she was!’

‘I have thought of it a thousand times!’ he retorted. ‘Do you suppose,’ turning on her with harshness, ‘that there is a day on which I do not think of it?’

‘So young!’

‘She had been three years a mother!’

‘For the dead child’s sake, then,’ she pleaded with him, ‘if not for hers.’

‘Lady Lansdowne!’ There were both anger and pain in his voice as he halted and stood before her. ‘Why do you come to me? Why do you trouble me? Why? Is it because you feel yourself—responsible? Because you know, because you feel that but for you my home had not been left to me desolate? Nor a foolish life been ruined?’

‘God forbid!’ she said solemnly. And in her turn she rose in agitation; moved for once out of the gracious ease and self-possession of her life, so that in the contrast there was something unexpected and touching. ‘God forbid!’ she repeated. ‘But because I feel that I might have done more. Because I feel that a word from me might have checked her, and it was not spoken. True, I was young, and it might have made things worse—I do not know. But when I saw her face at the window yesterday—and

she was changed, Sir Robert—I felt that I might have been in her place, and she in mine!’ Her voice trembled. ‘I might have been lonely, childless, growing old; and alone! Or again, if I had done something, if I had spoken as I would have another speak, were the case my girl’s, she might have been as I am! Now,’ she added tremulously, ‘you know why I came. Why I plead for her!’ In our world we grow hard, very hard; but there are things which touch us still, and her face touched me yesterday—I remembered what she was.’ She paused a moment, and then, ‘After long years,’ she continued softly, ‘it cannot be hard to forgive; and there is still time. She did nothing that need close your door, and what she did is forgotten. Grant that she was foolish, grant that she was wild, indiscreet, what you will—she is alone now, alone and growing old, Sir Robert, and if not for her sake, for the sake of your dead child—’

He stopped her by a peremptory gesture, but for the moment he seemed unable to speak. At length, ‘You touch the wrong chord,’ he said hoarsely. ‘It is for the sake of my dead child I shall never, never forgive her! She knew that I loved it. She knew that it was all to me. It grew worse! Did she tell me? It was in danger; did she warn me? No! But when I heard of her disobedience, of her folly, of things which made her a byword, and I bade her return, or my house should no longer be her home, then, then she flung the news of the child’s death at me, and rejoiced that she had it to fling. Had I gone out then and found her in the midst of her wicked gaiety, God knows what I should have done! I did try to go. But the Hundred Days had begun; I had to return. But, had I gone, and learned that in her mad infatuation she had neglected the child, left it to servants, let it fade, I think—I think, Madam, I should have killed her!’

Lady Lansdowne raised her hands. ‘Hush! Hush!’ she said.

‘I loved the child. Therefore she was glad when it died, glad that she had the power to wound me. Its death was no more to her than a weapon with which to punish me! There was a tone in her letter—I have it still—which betrayed that. And therefore—therefore, for the child’s sake, I will never forgive her!’

‘I am sorry,’ she murmured in a voice which acknowledged defeat. ‘I am very sorry.’

He stood for a moment gazing at the blank space above the fireplace; his head sunk, his shoulders brought forward. He looked

years older than the man who had walked under the elms. At length he made an effort to speak in his usual tone. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is a sorry business.'

'And I,' she said slowly, 'can do nothing?'

'Nothing,' he replied. 'Time will cure this, and all things.'

'You are sure that there is no mistake?' she pleaded. 'That you are not judging her harshly?'

'There is no mistake.'

Then she saw the hopelessness of argument and held out her hand. 'Forgive me,' she said simply. 'I have given you pain, and for nothing. But the old days were so strong upon me—after I saw her—that I could not but come. Think of me at least as a friend—and forgive me.'

He bowed low over her hand, but he gave her no assurance. And seeing that he was mastering his agitation, and fearing that if he had leisure to think he might resent her interference, she wasted no time in adieux. She glanced round the well-remembered hall—the hall once smart, now shabby—in which she had seen the flighty girl play many a mad prank. Then she turned sorrowfully to the door, more than suspecting that she would never pass through it again.

He had rung the bell, and Mapp, the butler, and the two men were in attendance. But he handed her to the carriage himself, and placed her in it with old-fashioned courtesy, and with the same scrupulous observance stood bareheaded until it moved away. None the less, his face by its set expression betrayed the nature of the interview; and the carriage had scarcely swept clear of the grounds and entered the park when Lady Louisa turned to her mother.

'Was he very angry?' she asked, eager to be instructed in the mysteries of that life which she was entering.

Lady Lansdowne essayed to snub her. 'My dear,' she said, 'it is not a fit subject for you.'

'Still, mother dear, you might tell me. You told me something, and it is not fair to turn yourself into Mrs. Fairchild in a moment. Besides, while you were with him I came on a passage so beautiful, and so pat, it almost made me cry.'

'My dear, don't say "pat," say "apposite."'

'Then apposite, mother,' Lady Louisa answered. 'Do you read it. There it is.'

Lady Landsowne sniffed, but suffered the book to be put into her hand. Lady Louisa pointed with enthusiasm to a line. 'Is it a case like that, mother?' she asked eagerly

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

The mother handed the book back to the daughter without looking at her. 'No,' she said; 'I don't think it is a case like that.'

But a moment later she wiped her eyes furtively, and then she told her daughter more, it is to be feared, than Mrs. Fairchild would have approved.

Sir Robert, when they were gone, went heavily to the library, a panelled room looking to the back, in which it was his custom to sit. For many years he had passed some hours of every day, when he was at home, in that room; and until now it had never occurred to his mind that it was dull or shabby. But it was old Mapp's habit to lower the blinds for his master's after-luncheon nap, and they were still down; and the half-light which filtered in was like the sheet which rather accentuates than hides the sharp features of the dead. The faded engravings and the calf-bound books which masked the walls, the *escritoire*, handsome and massive, but stained with ink and strewn with dog's-eared accounts, the leather-covered chair long worn out of shape by his weight, the table beside it with yesterday's 'Standard,' two or three volumes of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' and the 'Quarterly,' a month old and dusty—all to his opened eyes wore a changed aspect. They spoke of the slow decay of years, unchecked by a woman's eye, a woman's hand. They told of the slow degradation of his lonely life. They indicated a like change in himself.

He stood a few moments on the hearth, looking about him with a shocked, pained face. The months and the years had passed irrevocably, while he sat in that chair, poring in a kind of lethargy over those books, working industriously at those accounts. Asked, he had answered that he was growing old, and grown old. But he had never for a moment comprehended, as he comprehended now, that he was old. He had never measured the difference between this and that; between those days troubled by a hundred annoyances, cares, humiliations, when in spite of all he had lived, and these days of sullen stagnancy and mere vegetation.

He found the room, he found the reflection intolerable. And he went out, took with an unsteady hand his garden hat and returned past the church to that broad walk under the elms beside the pool which was his favourite lounge. Perhaps he fancied that the wonted scene would deaden the pain of memory and restore him to his wonted placidity. But his thoughts had been too violently broken. His hands shook, his lip trembled with the tearless passion of later life. And when his agitation began to die down and something like calmness supervened, this did but enable him to feel more keenly the pangs, not of remorse, but of regret; of bitter unavailing regret for all the things of which the woman who had lain on his bosom had robbed his life.

Stapylton stood in a side valley projected among the low rich hills which fringe the vale of the Wiltshire Avon. From where he stood all within sight, the low downs above the house, the arable land which fringed them, the rich pastures lowest of all—all, mill and smithy and inn, snug farm and thatched cottage, called him owner. Nay, from the south end of the pool, where a wicket gave entrance to the park and to a footroad across it—and whence a side view of the treble front of the house could be obtained—the spire of Chippinge church was visible, rising from its ridge in the Avon valley; and to the base of that spire all was his, all had been his father's and his grandfather's. But not an acre, not a rood, would be his child's.

That was no new thought. It was a thought that had saddened him on many and many a summer evening when the shadow of the elms lay far across the sward, and the silence of the stately house, the pale water, the far-stretching farms whispered of the passing of the generations, of the passage of time, of the inevitable end. Where he walked his father had walked; and soon he would go whither his father had gone. And the heir would walk where he walked, listen to the same twilight carollings, hear the first hoot of the distant owl.

*Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo,
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.*

But no heir of his blood. No son of his. No man of the Vermuyden name. And for that he had to thank her.

It was this which to-day gave the old thought new poignancy. For that he had to thank her. Truly, in the words wrung from him

by the bitterness of his feelings, she had left his house unto him desolate. If even the little girl had lived, the child would have succeeded; and that had been something, that had been much. But the child was dead; and in his heart he laid her death at his wife's door. And a stranger, or one in essentials a stranger, the descendant by a second marriage of his grandmother, Katherine Beckford, was the heir.

Presently the young man would succeed and the old chattels would be swept away to cottage or lumber-room. The old horses would be shot, the old dogs would be hanged, the old servants discharged, perhaps the very trees under which he walked and which he loved would be cut down. The house, the stables, the kennels, all but the cellars would be re-furnished; and in the bustle and glitter of the new *régime*, begun in the sunshine, the twilight of his own latter days would be forgotten in a month.

We die and are forgotten, 'tis Heaven's decree,
And thus the lot of others will be the lot of me!

Sunday by Sunday he had read those lines on the grave of a kinsman, a man whom he had known. He had often repeated them; they were as familiar as the prayers he had learned at his mother's knee. To-day the old memories and the old times, which Lady Lansdowne had made to rise from the dead, gave them a new meaning and a new bitterness.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SAD MISADVENTURE.

ARTHUR VAUGHAN was much and honestly relieved by the tidings which Isaac White had conveyed to him at Chippenham. The news freed him from a duty which did not appear the less distasteful because it was no longer inevitable. To cast against Sir Robert the vote which he owed to Sir Robert must, whatever the matter at stake, have exposed him to odium. But at this election, at which the issue was, aye or no, was the borough to be swept away or not, to vote 'aye' was an act from which the least sensitive must have shrunk, and which the most honest must have performed with reluctance. Add the extreme exasperation of public feeling, of which every day and every hour brought to light the most glaring

proofs, and he had been fortunate indeed if he had not incurred some general blame as well as the utmost weight of Sir Robert's displeasure.

He was spared all this, and he was thankful. Yet, when he rose on the morning after his arrival at Bristol, his heart was not as light as a feather. On the contrary, as he looked from the window of the White Lion into the bustle of Broad Street, he yawned dolefully; admitting that life, and particularly the prospect before him, of an immediate return to London, was dull. Why go back? Why stay here? Why do anything? The Woolsack? Bah! The Cabinet? Pooh! They were but gaudy baits for the shallow and the hard-hearted. Moreover they were so distant, so unattainable that pursuit of them seemed the merest moonshine; more especially on this fine April morning, made for nothing but a coach ride through an enchanted country, by the side of the sweetest face, the brightest eyes, the most ravishing figure, the prettiest bonnet that ever tamed the gruffest of coachmen.

Heigh-ho! If it were all to do over again how happy would he be! How happy had he been, and not known it, the previous morning! It was pitiful to think of his ignorance while he had that day, that blissful day, before him.

Well, it was over. And he must return to town. For he would play no foolish tricks. The girl was not in his rank in life, and he could not follow her without injury to her. He was no preacher, and he had lived for years among men whose lives, if not worse than the lives of their descendants, wore no disguise; who, if they did not sin more, sinned more openly. But he had a heart, and to mar an innocent life for his pleasure had shocked him; even if the girl's modesty and self-respect, disclosed by a hundred small things, had not made the notion of wronging her abhorrent. None the less he took his breakfast in a kind of dream, whispered 'Mary!' three times in different tones, and, being suddenly accosted by the waiter, was irritable.

With all this he was wise enough to know his own weakness, and that the sooner he was out of Bristol the better. He sent to the Bush office to book a place by the midday coach to town; and then only, when he had taken the irrevocable step, he put on his hat to kill the intervening time in Bristol.

Unfortunately, as he crossed the hall, intending to walk towards Clifton, he heard himself named; and turning, he saw that the speaker was the lady in black, whom he had remarked walking

up and down beside the coach, while the horses were changing at Marshfield.

'Mr. Vaughan?' she said. She still wore her veil.

He raised his hat, much surprised. 'Yes,' he said. He fancied that she was inspecting him very closely through her veil. 'I am Mr. Vaughan.'

'Pardon me,' she continued—her voice was refined and low—'but they gave me your name at the office. I have something which belongs to the lady who travelled with you yesterday, and I am anxious to restore it.'

He blushed; nor could he have repressed the blush if his life had hung upon it. 'Indeed?' he murmured. His confusion did not permit him to add another word.

'Doubtless it was left in the coach,' the lady explained, 'and was taken to my room with my luggage. Unfortunately I am leaving Bristol at once, within a few minutes, and I cannot myself return it. I shall be much obliged if you will see that she has it safely.'

She spoke as if the thing were a matter of course. But Vaughan had now recovered himself. 'I would with pleasure,' he said; 'but I am myself leaving Bristol at midday, and I really do not know how—how I can do it.'

'Then perhaps you will arrange the matter,' the lady replied in a tone of displeasure. 'I have sent the parcel to your room and I have not time to regain it. I must go at once. There is my maid! Good morning!' And with a distant bow she glided from him, and disappeared through the nearest doorway.

He stood where she had left him, looking after her in bewilderment. For one thing he was sure that she was a stranger, and yet she had addressed him in the tone of one who had a right to be obeyed. Then how odd it was! What a coincidence! He had made up his mind to end the matter, to go and walk the Hot Wells like a good boy; and this happened and tempted him!

Yes, tempted him.

He would—— But he could not tell what he would do until he had seen if the parcel were really in his room. The parcel! The mere thought that it was hers sent a foolish thrill through him. He would go and see, and then——

But he was interrupted. There were people standing or sitting round the hall, a low-ceiled, dark-wainscoted room, with sheaves of way-bills hung against the square pillars, and theatre notices

flanking the bar window. As he turned to seek his rooms a hand gripped his arm and twitched him round, and he met the grinning face of a man in his old regiment, Bob Flixton, commonly called the Honourable Bob.

'So I've caught you, my lad,' said he. 'This is mighty fine. Veiled ladies, eh? Oh, fie! fie!'

Vaughan, innocent as he was, was a little put out. But he answered good-humouredly, 'What brought you here, Flixton?'

'Ay, just so! Very unlucky, ain't it?' grinning. 'Fear I'll cut you out, eh? You're a neat artist, I must say.'

'I don't know the good lady from Eve!'

'Tell that to—— but here, let me make you known to Brereton,' hauling him towards a gentleman who was seated in one of the window recesses. 'Old West Indian man, in charge of the recruiting district, and a good fellow, but a bit of a saint! Colonel,' he rattled on, as they joined the gentleman, 'here's Vaughan, once of ours, become a counsellor, and going to be Lord Chancellor. As to the veiled lady, mum, sir, mum!' with an exaggerated wink.

Vaughan laughed. It was impossible to resist Bob's impudent good-humour. He was a fair young man, short, stout, and inclining to baldness, with a loud, hearty voice, and a manner which made those who did not know him for a peer's son, think of a domestic fowl with a high opinion of itself. He was for ever damning this and praising that with unflagging decision; a man with whom it was impossible to be displeased, and in whom it was next to impossible not to believe. Yet at the mess-table it was whispered that he did not play his best when the pool was large; nor had he ever seen service, save in the lists of love, where his reputation stood high.

His companion, Vaughan saw, was of a different stamp. He was tall and lean, with the air and carriage of a soldier, but with features of a refined and melancholy cast, and with a brooding sadness in his eyes which could not escape the most casual observer. He was somewhat fallow, the result of the West Indian climate, and counted twenty years more than Flixton, for whom his gentle and quiet manner formed an admirable foil. He greeted Vaughan courteously, and the Honourable Bob forced our hero into a seat beside them.

'That's snug!' he said. 'And now mum's the word, Vaughan.'

We'll not ask you what you're doing here among the nigger-nabobs. It's clear enough.'

Vaughan explained that the veiled lady was a stranger who had come down in the coach with him, and that, for himself, it was election business which had brought him.

'Old Vermuyden?' returned the Honourable Bob. 'To be sure! Man you've expectations from! Good old fellow, too. I know him. Go and see him one of these days. Gad, Colonel, if old Sir Robert heard your views he'd die on the spot! D——n the Bill, he'd say! And I say it too!'

'But afterwards?' Brereton returned, drawing Vaughan into the argument by a courteous gesture. 'Consider the consequences, my dear fellow, if the Bill does not pass.'

'Oh, hang the consequences!'

'You can't,' dryly. 'You can hang men—we've been too fond of hanging them—but not consequences! Look at the state of the country; everywhere you will find excitement, and dangerous excitement. Cobbett's writings have roused the South; the papers are full of rioters and special commissions to try them! Not a farmer can sleep for thinking of his stacks, nor a farmer's wife for thinking of her husband. Then for the North; look at Birmingham and Manchester and Glasgow, with their Political Unions preaching no taxation without representation. Or, nearer home, look at Bristol here, ready to drown the Corporation, and Wetherell in particular, in the Float! Then, if that is the state of things while they still expect the Bill to pass, what will be the position if they learn it is not to pass? No, no! You may shrug your shoulders, but the three days in Paris will be nothing to it.'

'What I say is, shoot!' Flixton answered hotly. 'Shoot! Shoot! Put 'em down! Put an end to it! Show 'em their places! What do a lot of d——d shopkeepers and peasants know about the Bill? Ride 'em down! Give 'em a taste of the Float themselves! I'll answer for it a troop of the 14th would soon bring the Bristol rabble to their senses!'

'I should be sorry to see it tried,' Brereton answered, shaking his head. 'They took that line in France last July, and you know the result. You'll agree with me, Mr. Vaughan, that where Marmont failed we are not likely to succeed. The more as his failure is known. The three days of July are known.'

'Ay, by the Lord,' the Honourable Bob cried. 'The revolution in France bred the whole of this trouble!'

'The mob there won, and the mob here know it. In my opinion,' Brereton continued, 'conciliation is our only card, if we do not want to see a revolution.'

'Hang your conciliation! Shoot, I say'

'What do you think, Mr. Vaughan?'

'I think with you, Colonel Brereton,' Vaughan answered, 'that the only way to avoid such a crisis as has befallen France is to pass the Bill, and to set the Constitution on a wider basis by enlisting as large a number as possible in its defence.'

'Oh Lord! Oh Lord!' from Flixton.

'On the other hand,' Vaughan continued, 'I would put down the beginnings of disorder with a strong hand. I would allow no intimidation, no violence. The Bill should be passed by argument'

'Argument? Why, d—n me, intimidation is your argument!' the Honourable Bob struck in, with more acuteness than he commonly evinced. 'Pass the Bill or we'll loose the dog! At 'em, Mob, good dog! At 'em! That's your argument!' triumphantly. 'But I'll be back in a minute.' And he left them.

Vaughan laughed. Brereton, however, seemed to be unable to take the matter lightly. 'Do you really mean, Mr. Vaughan,' he said, 'that if there were trouble, here for instance, you would not hesitate to give the order to fire?'

'Certainly, sir, if it could not be put down with the cold steel.'

The Colonel shook his head despondently. 'I don't think I could,' he said. 'I don't think I could. You have not seen war and I have. And it is a fearful thing. Bad enough abroad, infinitely worse here. The first shot—think, Mr. Vaughan, of what it might be the beginning! What hundreds and thousands of lives might hang upon it! How many scores of innocent men shot down, of daughters made fatherless!' He shuddered. 'And to give such an order on your own responsibility, when the first volley might be the signal for a civil war, and twenty-four hours might see a dozen counties in a blaze! It is horrible to think of it! Too horrible! It's too much for one man's shoulders! Flixton would do it—he sees no farther than his nose! But you and I, Mr. Vaughan—and on one's own judgment, which might be utterly, fatally wrong! My God, no!'

'Yet there must be a point,' Vaughan replied, 'at which such an order becomes necessary; becomes mercy!'

'Ay,' Brereton answered eagerly; 'but who is to say when that point is reached, and that peaceful methods can do no more? Or, granted that they can do no more, that provocation once given, your force is sufficient to prevent a massacre! A massacre in such a place as this!'

Vaughan saw that the idea had taken possession of the other's mind, and, aware that he had distinguished himself more than once on foreign service, he wondered. It was not his affair, however; and 'Let us hope that the occasion may not arise,' he said politely.

'God grant it!' Brereton replied. And then again, to himself and more fervently, 'God grant it!' he muttered. The shadow lay darker on his face.

Vaughan might have wondered more, if Flixton had not returned at that moment, and overwhelmed him with importunities to dine with him the next evening. 'Gage and Congreve of the 14th are coming from Gloucester,' he said, 'and Codrington and two or three yeomanry chaps. You must come. If you don't, I'll quarrel with you and call you out! It'll do you good after the musty, fusty, goody-goody life you've been leading. Brereton's coming, and we'll drink King Billy till we're blind!'

Vaughan hesitated. He had taken his place on the coach, but—but after all there was that parcel. He must do something about it. It seemed to be his fate to be tempted, yet—what nonsense that was! Why should he not stay in Bristol if he pleased?

'You're very good,' he said at last. 'I'll stay.'

Yet on his way to his room he paused, half-minded to go. But he was ashamed to change his mind again, and he strode on, opened his door, and saw the parcel, a neat little affair, laid on the table.

It bore in a clear handwriting the address which he had seen on the basket at Mary Smith's feet. But, possibly because an hour of the Honourable Bob's company had brushed the bloom from his fancy, it moved him little. He looked at it with something like indifference, felt no inclination to kiss it, and smiled at his past folly as he took it up and set off to return it to its owner. He had exaggerated the affair and his feelings. He had made much out of little, and a romance out of a chance encounter. He could smile now at that which had moved him yesterday. Certainly:

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range
 The Court, camp, Church, the vessel and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart.

And the Honourable Bob, with his breezy self-assertion, had brought this home to him and, with a puff of everyday life, had blown the fantasy away.

He was still under this impression when he reached Queen's Square, once the pride of Bristol, and still, in 1831, a place handsome and well inhabited. Uniformly and substantially built, on a site surrounded on three sides by deep water, it lay, indeed, rather over-near the quays, of which, and of the basins, it enjoyed a view through several openings. But in the reign of William IV. merchants were less averse from living beside their work than they are now. The master's eye was still in repute, and though many of the richest citizens had migrated to Clifton, and the neighbouring Assembly Rooms in Prince's Street had been turned into a theatre, the spacious square, with its wide lawn, its lofty and umbrageous elms, its colony of rooks, and, last of all, its fine statue of the Glorious and Immortal Memory, was still the abode of many respectable people. In one corner stood the Mansion House ; a little farther along the same side the Custom House ; and a third public department, the Excise, also had offices here.

The Cathedral, and the Bishop's Palace on College Green, stood, as the crow flies, scarce a bowshot from the Square ; on which they looked down from the westward, as the heights of Redcliffe looked down on it from the east. But marsh as well as water divided the Square from these respectable neighbours ; nor, it must be owned, was this the only drawback. The centre of the city's life, but isolated on three sides by water, the Square was as easily reached from the worse as from the better quarters, and owing to the proximity of the Welsh Back, a coasting quay frequented by the roughest class, it was liable in times of excitement to abrupt and boisterous inroads.

Vaughan entered the Square by Queen Charlotte Street, and had traversed one half of its width when his nonchalance failed him. Under the elms, in the corner which he was approaching, were a dozen children. They were at play, and overlooking them from a bench, with their backs to him, sat two young persons, the one in that mid-stage between childhood and womanhood

when the eyes are at their sharpest and the waist at its thickest; the other, Mary Smith.

The colour rose to his brow, and on a sudden he knew that he was not indifferent. Nor was the discovery that the back of her head and an inch of the nape of her neck had this effect upon him the worst. He had to ask himself what, if he was not indifferent, he was doing there, sneaking on the skirts of a ladies' school. What were his intentions, and what his aim? For to healthy minds there is something distasteful in the notion of an intrigue connected, ever so remotely, with a girls' school. Nor are conquests gained on that scene laurels of which even a Lothario is overproud. If Flixton saw him, or some others of the gallant Fourteenth?

And yet, in the teeth of all this, and under the eyes of all Queen's Square, he must do his errand. And sheepish within, brazen without, he advanced and stood beside her. She heard his step, and, unsuspecting as the youngest of her flock, looked round to see who came—looked, and saw him standing within a yard of her, with the sunshine falling through the leaves on his wavy, fair hair. For the twentieth part of a second he fancied a glint of glad surprise in her eyes. Then, if anything could have punished him, it was the sight of her confusion; it was the blush of distress which covered her face as she rose to her feet.

Oh, cruel! He had pursued her, when to pursue was an insult! He had followed her when he should have known that in her position a breath of scandal was ruin! And oh, the round eyes of the round-faced child beside her!

'I must apologise,' he murmured humbly, 'but I am not trespassing upon you without a cause. I—I think that this is yours.' And rather lamely, for the distress in her face troubled him, he held out the parcel.

She put her hand behind her, and as stiffly as Miss Sibson—of the Queen's Square Academy for Young Ladies of the Genteel and Professional Classes—could have desired, 'I do not understand, sir,' she said. She was pale and red by turns, as the round eyes saw.

'You left this in the coach.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'You left this in the coach,' he repeated, turning very red himself. Was it possible that she meant to repudiate her own property because he brought it? 'It is yours, is it not?'

'No.'

'It is not!' in incredulous astonishment.

'No.'

'But I am sure it is,' he persisted. Confound it, this was a little overdoing modesty! He had no desire to eat the girl! 'You left it inside the coach, and it has your address upon it. See!' And he tried to place it in her hands.

But she drew back, with a look of reprobation of which he would not have believed her eyes capable. 'It is not mine, sir,' she said. 'Be good enough to leave us!' And then, drawing herself up, mild creature as she was, 'You are intruding, sir,' she said.

Now, if Vaughan had really been guilty of approaching her upon a feigned pretext, he had certainly retired on that with his tail between his legs. But being innocent, and both incredulous and angry, he stood his ground, and his eyes gave back some of the reproach which hers darted.

'I am either mad or it is yours,' he said stubbornly, heedless of the ring of staring children who, ceasing to play, had gathered round them. 'It bears your name and address, and it was left in the coach by which you travelled yesterday. I think, Miss Smith, you will be sorry afterwards if you do not take it.'

She fancied that his words imported a bribe; and in despair of ridding herself of him, or in terror of the tale which the children would tell, she took her courage in both hands. 'You say that it is mine?' she said, trembling visibly.

'Certainly I do,' he answered. And again he held it out to her.

But she did not take it. Instead, 'Then be good enough to follow me,' she replied, with something of the prim dignity of the schoolmistress. 'Miss Cooke, will you collect the children and bring them into the house?'

And, avoiding his eyes, she led the way across the road to the door of one of the houses. He followed, but reluctantly, and after a moment of hesitation. He detested the scene which he now foresaw, and bitterly regretted that he had ever set foot inside Queen's Square. To be suspected of thrusting an intrigue upon a little schoolmistress, to be dragged, with a pack of staring, chattering children in his train, before some grim-faced duenna—he, a man of years and affairs, with whom the Chancellor of England did not scorn to speak on equal terms! It was hateful; it was

an intolerable position. Yet to turn back, to say that he would not go, was to acknowledge himself guilty. He wished—he wished to heaven that he had never seen the girl. Or at least that he had had the courage, when she first denied the thing, to throw the parcel on the seat and go.

It was not an heroic frame of mind ; but neither was the position heroic. And something may be forgiven him in the circumstances.

Fortunately the trial was short. She opened the door of the house, and on the threshold he found himself face to face with a tall, bulky woman, with a double chin and an absurdly powdered nose, who wore a cameo of the late Queen Charlotte on her ample bosom. Miss Sibson had viewed the encounter from an upper window, and her face was a picture of displeasure, slightly tempered by powder.

‘What is this?’ she asked, in an intimidating voice. ‘Miss Smith, what is this, if you please?’

Perhaps Mary, aware that her place was at stake, was desperate. At any rate she behaved with a dignity which astonished Vaughan. ‘This gentleman, Madam,’ she explained, speaking with firmness though her face was on fire, ‘travelled with me on the coach yesterday. A few minutes ago he appeared and addressed me, and insisted that the—the parcel he carries is mine, and that I left it in the coach. It is not mine and I have not seen it before.’

Miss Sibson folded her arms upon her ample person. The position was not altogether new to her. ‘Sir,’ she said, eyeing the offender majestically, ‘have you any explanation to offer—of this extraordinary conduct?’

He had, indeed. As clearly as his temper permitted he told his tale, his tone half ironical, half furious.

When he paused, ‘Who do you say gave it to you?’ Miss Sibson asked in a deep voice.

‘I do not know her name. A lady who travelled in the coach.’

Miss Sibson’s frown grew even deeper. ‘Thank you,’ she replied, ‘that will do. I have heard enough, and I understand. I understand, sir. Be good enough to leave the house.’

‘But, Madam—’

‘Be good enough to leave the house,’ she repeated. ‘That is the door,’ pointing to it. ‘That is the door, sir! Any apology you may wish to make you can make by letter to me. To me, you understand! I think one were not ill-fitting!’

He lost his temper altogether at that, and he flung the parcel with violence, and with a violent word, on a chair. 'Then at any rate I shall not take that, for it's not mine,' he cried. 'You may keep it, Madam!'

And he flung out, his retreat hampered and made humiliating by the entrance of the pupils, who, marshalled by the round-eyed one, and all round-eyed themselves, blocked the doorway at that unlucky moment. He broke through them without ceremony, though they represented the most respectable families in Bristol, and with his head bent he strode wrathfully across the Square.

To be turned out of a girls' boarding-school! To be shown the door like some wretched philandering schoolboy, or a subaltern in his first folly! He, the man of the world, of experience, of ambition! The man with a career! He was furious. 'The little cat!' he cried as he went. 'I wish I had never seen her face! What a fool, what a fool I was to come!'

Unheroic words and an unheroic mood. But though there were heroes before Agamemnon, it is not certain that there were any after George the Fourth. At any rate, any who, like that great man, were heroic always and in all circumstances.

Probably Vaughan would have forgiven the little cat had he known that she was at that moment weeping very bitterly, with her face plunged into the pillow of her not over-luxurious bed. For she was young, and a woman. And because, in her position, the name of love was taboo; because to her the admiring look, which to a more fortunate sister was homage, was an insult; because the *petits soins*, the flower, the note, the trifle that to another were more precious than jewels, were not for her, it did not follow that she was not flesh and blood, that she had not feeling, affection, passion. True, the pang was soon deadened, for habit is strong. True, the bitter tears were soon dried, for employers like not gloomy looks. True, she soon cried shame on her own discontent, for she was good as gold. And yet to be debarred, in the tender springtime, from the sweet scents, the budding blooms, the gay carols, to have but one April coach-ride in a desert of days, is hard—is very hard. Mary Smith, weeping on her hopeless pillow—not without thought of the cruel arch stooping to crush her, the cruel fate from which he had snatched her, not without thought of her own ingratitude, her black ingratitude—felt that it was hard, very hard.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BILL FOR GIVING EVERYBODY EVERYTHING.

It is difficult to describe and impossible to exaggerate the heat of public feeling which preceded the elections of '31. Four-fifths of the people of this country believed that the Bill—from which they expected so much that a satirist has aptly given it the title at the head of this chapter—had been defeated in the late House by a trick. That trick the King, God bless him, had punished by dissolving the House. It remained for the people to show their sense of the trick by returning a very different House; such a House as would not only pass the Bill, but pass it by a majority so decisive that the Lords, and particularly the Bench of Bishops, whose hostility was known, would not dare to oppose the public will.

But as no more than a small proportion of these four-fifths had votes, they were forced to act, if they would make their will obeyed, indirectly; in one place by the legitimate pressure of public opinion, in another by bribery, in a third by intimidation, in a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth by open violence; everywhere by the unspoken threat of revolution. And hence arose the one good, sound, and firm argument against the Bill which the Tory party enjoyed.

One or two of their other arguments are not without interest, if only as the defence set up for a system so anomalous as to seem to us incredible—a system under which Gatton, with no inhabitants, returned two members, and Sheffield, with something like a hundred thousand inhabitants, returned none; under which Dunwich, long drowned under the North Sea, returned two members, and Birmingham returned none; under which the City of London returned four and Lord Lonsdale returned nine; under which Cornwall, with one-fourth of the population of Lancashire, returned thrice as many representatives; under which the South vastly outweighed the North, and land mightily outweighed all other property.

Moreover, in no two boroughs was the franchise the same. One man lived in a hovel and had a vote; his neighbour lived in a mansion and had no vote. Frequently the whole of the well-to-do townsfolk were voteless. Then, while any man with five thousand pounds might buy a seat, nor see the face of a single

elector, on the other hand, the poll might be kept open for fifteen days, and a single county election might cost two hundred thousand pounds. Bribery, forbidden in theory, was permitted in practice. The very Government bribed under the rose, and it was humorously said that all that a man's constituents required was to be satisfied of the *impurity* of his intentions!

An anomalous system; yet its defenders had something to say for it.

First, that narrow as the franchise seemed, every class found somewhere in England its mouthpiece. At Preston, where all could vote who slept in the borough the previous night, the poorest class; in the potwalloping boroughs where a fireplace gave a vote, the next class; in a city like Westminster, the ratepayers; in the counties, the freeholders; in the universities, the clergy. And so on, the argument being that the very anomalies of the system provided a mixed representation without giving the masses a preponderant voice.

Secondly, they said that it insured a House of ability, by enabling young men of parts, but small means, to obtain seats. Those who put this forward flourished a long list of statesmen who had come in for nomination boroughs. It began with Pitt and ended with Macaulay—a feather plucked from the enemy's wing; and Burke stood for much in it. It became one of the commonplaces of the struggle.

The third contention was of greater weight. It was that, with all its abuses, the old system had worked well. This argument, too, had its commonplace. The maxim, *stare super antiquas vias*, was thundered from a thousand platforms, coupled with copious references to the French wars, and to the pilot who had weathered the storm. This was the argument of the old, and the rich, and the timid—of those who clung to top-boots in the daytime and to pantaloons in the evening. But as the struggle progressed it came to be merged in the one sound argument to which reference has been made.

'If you do not pass the Bill,' said the Whigs, 'there will be a revolution.'

'Possibly,' the Tories rejoined. 'And whom have we to thank for that? Who, using the French Revolution of last July as a fulcrum, have unsettled the whole country? And now, having disturbed everything, tell us that we must grant to force what is not due to reason? You! But if the Bill is to pass, not because

it is a good Bill, but because the mob desire it, where will this end? Pass Bills out of fear, and where will you end? Presently there will arise a ranting adventurer, more violent than Brougham, a hoary schemer more unscrupulous than Grey, an angry boy, outscolding Durham, a pedant more bloodless than Lord John, an honest fanatic blinder than Althorp! And when *they* threaten *you* with the terrors of the mob, what will you say?’

To which the Whigs could only reply that the people must be trusted; and—and that the Bill must pass, or not only coronets but crowns would be flying.

Dry arguments nowadays; but in those days alive, and to the party on its defence—the party which found itself thrust against the wall, that its pockets might be emptied—of vital interest. From scores of platforms candidates, leaning forward, bland and smiling, with one hand under the coat-tails and the other gently pumping, pumping, pumping, enunciated them—old hands these; or, red in the face, thundered them, striking fist into palm and overawing opposition; or, hopeless amid the rain of dead cats and stale eggs, muttered them in a reporter’s ear, since the hootings of the crowd made other utterance impossible. But ever as the contest went on, the smiling candidate grew rarer; for day by day the Tories, seeing their cause hopeless, seeing even Whigs, such as Sir Thomas Acland in Devonshire and Mr. Wilson Patten in Lancashire, cast out if they were lukewarm, grew more desperate, cried more loudly on high heaven, asserted more frantically that justice was dead on the earth. All this, while those who believed that the Bill was going to give everything to everybody pushed their advantage without mercy. Many a borough which had not known a contest for a generation, many a county, was fought and captured. No Tory felt safe; no bargain, though signed and sealed, held good; no patron, though he had held his income from his borough as secure as any part of his property, could say that his voters would dare to go to the poll.

This last was the apprehension in the mind of Isaac White, Sir Robert Vermuyden’s agent, as on the day after Lady Lansdowne’s visit he drove his gig and fast-trotting cob up the avenue. The treble front of the house looked down on him from its gentle eminence; its windows blinked in the afternoon sunshine, and the mellow tints of the stone harmonised with the russet bloom which in April garbs the poplar and the later-bursting trees. Tradition said that the second baronet had built a wing for each of his two

sons. After the death of the elder, however, the east wing had been devoted to kitchens and offices, and the west to a splendid hospitality. In these days the latter wing was so seldom used that it had almost fallen into decay. Laurels grew up the side windows and darkened them, and bats lived in the damp chimneys. The rooms above stairs were packed with the lumber of the last century, the old wig-boxes, the old travelling-trunks, the old harpsichords, even an old sedan chair; while the lower rooms, swept and bare, and hung with flat, hard portraits, enjoyed an evil reputation in the servants' quarters, where many a one was found to tell of skirts that rustled unseen, and dead feet that trod the polished floors.

But to Isaac White all this was nought. He had seen the house in every aspect; and to-day his mind was filled with other things—with votes and voters, with some anxiety on his own account and more on his patron's. What would Sir Robert say if aught went wrong at Chippinge? True, the loss of the borough seemed barely possible; it had been held securely for many years. But the times were so stormy, public feeling ran so high, the mob was so rough, that nothing seemed impossible, in view of the stress to which the soundest candidates were exposed. If Mr. Bankes stood to fail in Dorset, if Mr. Duncombe had small chance in Yorkshire, if Sir Edward Knatchbull was a lost man in Kent, if Mr. Hart Davies was no better in Bristol, if no man but an out-and-out Reformer could count on success, who was safe?

His grandfather, his father, he himself had lived and thriven by the system which he saw tottering to its fall. He belonged to it, he was part of it; he marked his allegiance to it by wearing top-boots in the daytime and shorts in full dress. And he was prepared—were it only out of gratitude to the ladder by which he had risen—to stand by it and by his patron to the last. But, strange anomaly, White was at heart a Cobbett man. His sneaking sympathies were, in his own despite, with the class from which he sprang. He saw commons filched from the poor, while the labourers fell on the rates; he saw large taxes wrung from the country to be spent in the town; he saw the severity of the laws, and especially the game laws; he saw absentee rectors and starving curates; he saw the dumb impotence of nine-tenths of the people; and he felt that the system under which these things had grown up was wrong. But, wrong or right, he was part of it, he was pledged to it; and all the theories in the world, and all the 'Political Registers' which he digested of an evening, would not induce him to betray it.

Notwithstanding he feared that in the matter of the borough he had not been quite so wide-awake as became him; or Pybus, the Bowood man, would not have stolen a march upon him. His misgivings grew as he came in sight of the door, and saw Sir Robert on the flight of steps which led to it. Apparently the baronet had seen him, for as White drove up a servant appeared to lead the mare to the stables.

Sir Robert looked her over as she was led away. 'The grey looks well, White,' he said. She was of his breeding.

'Yes, Sir Robert. Give me a good horse and they may have the new-fangled railroads that like them. But I am afraid, sir—'

'One moment!' The servant was out of hearing, and the baronet's tone, as he caught White up, betrayed agitation. 'Who is that looking over the Lower Wicket, White?' he continued. 'She has been there a quarter of an hour, and—and I can't make her out.'

His tone surprised White, who looked and saw at a distance of a hundred paces the figure of a woman leaning on the wicket-gate nearest the stables. She was motionless, and he had not looked many seconds before he caught the thought in Sir Robert's mind. 'He's heard,' he reflected, 'that her ladyship is in the neighbourhood, and it has alarmed him.'

'I cannot see at this distance, sir,' he answered prudently, 'who it is.'

'Then go and ask her her business,' Sir Robert replied, as indifferently as he could. 'She has been there a long time.'

White went, a little excited himself; but half-way to the woman, who continued to gaze at the house as if unconscious of his approach, he discovered that, whoever she was, she was not Lady Sybil. She was stout, middle-aged, plain; and he took a curt tone with her when he came within earshot. 'What are you doing here?' he said. 'That's the way to the servants' hall.'

The woman looked at him. 'You don't know me, Mr. White,' she said.

He looked hard in return. 'No,' he answered bluntly, 'I don't.'

'Ah, well, I know you,' she replied. 'More by token—'

He cut her short. 'Have you any message?' he asked.

'If I have, I'll give it myself,' she retorted dryly. 'Truth is, I'm in two minds about it. What you have, you have, d' you see, Mr. White; but what you've given ain't yours any more. Anyway—'

'Anyway,' impatiently, 'you can't stay here!'

'Very good,' she replied, 'very good. As you are so kind, I'll take a day to think of it.' And with a cool nod she turned her back on the puzzled White, and went off down the park towards the town.

He went back to Sir Robert. 'She's a stranger, sir,' he said; 'and, I think, a bit gone in the head. I could make nothing of her.'

Sir Robert drew a deep breath. 'You're sure she was a stranger?' he said.

'She's no one I know, sir. After one of the men, perhaps.'

Sir Robert straightened himself. He had spent a bad ten minutes gazing at the distant figure. 'Just so,' he said. 'Very likely. And now what is it, White?'

'I've bad news, sir, I'm afraid,' the agent said, in an altered tone.

'What is it?'

'It's that d—d Pybus, sir! I'm afraid that, after all——'

'They're going to fight?'

'I'm afraid, Sir Robert, they are.'

The old gentleman's eyes gleamed. 'Afraid, sir, afraid?' he cried. 'On the contrary, so much the better. It will cost me some money, but I can spare it; and it will cost them more, and nothing for it. Afraid? I don't understand you.'

The agent, standing on the step below him, coughed dubiously. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'what you say is reasonable. But——'

'But? But what?'

'There is so much excitement in the country at this time——'

'So much greediness in the country,' Sir Robert retorted, striking his stick upon the stone steps. 'So much unscrupulousness, sir; so many liars promising, and so many fools listening; so much to get, and so many who would like it! There's all that, if you please; but for excitement, I don't know'—with a severe look—'what you mean, or what it has to do with us.'

'I am afraid, sir, there is bad news from Devon, where it is said Sir Thomas Acland is retiring.'

'A good man, but weak; neither one side nor the other.'

'And from Dorset, sir, where they say Mr. Bankes will be beaten.'

'I'll not believe it,' Sir Robert answered positively. 'I'll never believe it. Mr. Bankes beaten in Dorset! Absurd! Why do you listen to such tales? Why do you listen? By G—d, White,

what is the matter with you? Or how does it touch us if Mr. Bankes is beaten? We can poll nine votes to four! Nine will still be nine, and four four, if he be beaten. When you can make four to be more than nine you may come whining to me!’

White coughed. ‘Dyas, the butcher——’

‘What of him?’

‘Well, Sir Robert, I am afraid he has been getting some queer notions.’

‘Notions?’ the baronet echoed in astonishment.

‘He has been listening to someone, and—and thinks he has views on the Bill.’

Sir Robert exploded. ‘Views!’ he cried. ‘Views! The butcher with views! Why, damme, White, you must be mad! Mad! Since when have butchers taken to politics, or had views?’

‘I don’t know anything about that, sir,’ White mumbled.

Sir Robert struck his stick fiercely on a step. ‘But I do! And I know this,’ he cried, ‘that for twenty years he’s had thirty pounds a year to vote as I tell him. By gad, I never heard such a thing in my life! Never! You don’t mean to tell me that the man thinks the vote’s his own to do what he likes with?’

‘I am afraid,’ the agent admitted reluctantly, ‘that that is what he’s saying, sir.’

Sir Robert’s thin face turned a dull red. ‘I never heard of such impudence in all my life,’ he said, ‘never! A butcher with views! And going to vote for them! Why, damme,’ he continued, with angry sarcasm, ‘we’ll have the tailors, the bakers, and the candle-stick-makers voting their own way next. Good G—d! What does the man think he’s had thirty pounds a year for for all these years, if not to do as he is bid?’

‘He’s behaving very ill, sir,’ White said severely, ‘very ill.’

‘Ill!’ Sir Robert cried; ‘I should think he was, the scoundrel!’ And he foamed over afresh, though we need not follow him. When he had cooled somewhat, ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I can turn him out, and that I’ll do, neck and crop! By G—d, I will! I’ll ruin him. But there, it’s the big rats set the fashion and the little ones follow it. This is Spinning Jenny’s work. I wish I had cut off my hand before I voted for him. Well, well, well!’ And he stood a moment in bitter contemplation of Sir Robert Peel’s depravity. It was nothing that Sir Robert was sound on reform. By adopting the Catholic side on the claims he—he, whose very nickname was

Orange Peel—had rent the party. And all these evils were the result!

The agent coughed.

Sir Robert, who was no fool, looked sharply at him. 'What!' he said grimly. 'Not another renegade?'

'No, sir,' White answered timidly. 'But Thrush, the pig-killer—he's one of the old lot, the Cripples, that your father put into the corporation——'

'Ay, and I wish I had kept them cripples,' Sir Robert growled. 'All cripples! My father was right, and I was a fool to think better men would do as well, and do us credit. In his time there were but two of the thirteen could read and write; but they did as they were bid. They did as they were bid. And now—well, man, what of Thrush?'

'He was gaoled yesterday by Mr. Forward, of Steynsham, for assault.'

'For how long?'

'For a fortnight, sir.'

Sir Robert nearly had a fit. He reared himself to his full height, and glared at White. 'The infernal rascal!' he cried. 'He did it on purpose!'

'I've no doubt, sir, that it determined them to fight,' the agent answered. 'With Dyas they are five. And five to seven is not such—such odds that they may not have some hope of winning.'

'Five to seven!' Sir Robert repeated; and at an end of words, at an end of oaths, could only stare aghast. 'Five to seven!' he muttered. 'You're not going to tell me—there's something more.'

'No, sir, no; that's the worst,' White answered, relieved that his tale was told. 'That's the worst, and may be bettered. I've thought it well to postpone the nomination until Wednesday the 4th, to give Sergeant Wathen a better chance of dealing with Dyas.'

'Well, well!' Sir Robert grumbled. It had come to that. It had come to dealing with such men as butchers, to treating them as if they had minds to alter and views to change. 'Well, well!'

And that was all Sir Robert could say. And so it was settled; the Vermuyden dinner for the 2nd, the nomination and polling for the 4th. 'You'll let Mr. Vaughan know,' Sir Robert concluded. 'It's well we can count on somebody.'

(To be continued.)

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